

LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of Archaeology, Science, and Art.

Nº 44—1856.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27TH.

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NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

ALL PICTURES intended for Exhibition and Sale the ensuing season must be sent to the Gallery, for the inspection of the Committee, on Monday, the 12th, or Tuesday, the 13th, of January next, and the SCULPTURE on Wednesday, the 14th, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the afternoon. Portraits, Drawings in Water-colours, and Architectural Drawings are inadmissible; and no Picture or other Work of Art will be received which has already been publicly exhibited.

By Order of the Committee,
GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION AND COLLECTION OF BUILDING MATERIALS AND INVENTIONS. Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, open from 9 till dusk. First Lecture, Tuesday, January 6th, by Professor Donaldson, "On the Architectural Magnificence of Rome."—Admission One Shilling, or by Season Tickets at all times and to all the Lectures, Half-a-Crown.

JAMES FERGUSON, F.R.S. Hon. Secs.
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SCRIPTURAL MUSEUM, ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONG ACRE.

The INAUGURAL LECTURE will be delivered on THURSDAY, the 8th of January, 1857, at 8 o'clock p.m., by Col. Sir RENEY R. RAWLINSON, K.C.B. Subject: RECENT ORIENTAL DISCOVERIES, IN THEIR RELATION TO THE BIBLE.

Tickets—Reserved Seats, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Area, 1s.; may be had of the Secretary, at St. Martin's Hall.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, 1857.

GENERAL MEETINGS.

Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 2 p.m.	Tuesday, May 6, at 3 p.m.
" March 3, " "	" June 9, " "
" April 7, " "	" July 7, " "
" Friday, May 1, " "	" Oct. 13, " "

The days for Extraordinary Meetings will be announced hereafter.

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Attention is invited to the Prospectus, which may be had on application. The First Session of 1857 will commence on the 22nd of January.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FOUR LECTURES

"On the Extinct Animals of the Antediluvian World." Illustrated by Diagrams and Models, will be delivered by B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, Esq., F.G.S., F.L.S., Restorer of the Extinct Animal in the Crystal Palace Park, in the New Concert Room, on WEDNESDAY, 31st of December, FRIDAY, 2nd, WEDNESDAY, 7th, and FRIDAY, 9th of January next. The Lectures will commence at One o'clock precisely.

A SERIES OF EVENING DEMONSTRATIONS,

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MINERALOGY, will be given during the Sessions 1857, by SAMUEL HIGLEY, F.G.S., at his Laboratory, 10, Cavendish Street, Soho Square, which will embrace the following Courses:—

- I. Geology in its relation to Mineralogy.
- II. The Microscope and its Manipulation, being introductory to—
- III. Mineral Morphology.
- IV. Crystals in relation to Mineralogy.
- V. Chemical Mineralogy.
- VI. Crystallography, and the Geological and Geographical Distribution of Mineral Bodies.
- VII. Determinative Mineralogy (a Practical Course).

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* * * The Laboratory will shortly be opened for private instruction in Practical Mineralogy. Prospectuses and Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. Murray and Heath, Opticians, 43, Piccadilly.

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BADEN, up the RHINE, and PARIS, is NOW OPEN every evening (except Saturday) at Eight o'clock.—Stalls, 2s., Area, 2s., Gallery, 1s. Stalls can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, every day between Eleven and Four, without any extra charge. The Morning Representation this week will take place on Monday, Tuesday and Saturday, at Three o'clock.

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THERE are several ways in which we might treat this work. It originally appeared in numbers in the 'Catholic University Gazette,' a publication devoted to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. We might, then, take advantage of this fact to demonstrate the errors of Popery, and wind up our paper with a demand for the repeal of the Act of Emancipation, and for penal laws to coerce the audacious agitator who has presumed to erect a university for the promotion of learning without the leave of Lord Palmerston. Some cutting railery of our Hibernian fellow-subjects, or the notable discovery that the word "university" means "a corporation," would add a zest and relish to our paper. But in this line we have unfortunately been anticipated, and, after all, it is somewhat trite and vulgar.

Again, Dr. Newman is a 'pervert,' and therefore a special object of dislike to his former friends. We might, then, take a general view of the intellectual and religious character of his mind, and of the changes which have come over his convictions; and wind up by showing, for the edification of all persons of sober piety, that he has only escaped infidelity at the expense of becoming a Roman Catholic. But the example of others makes us fear that we might possibly get beyond our depth in these metaphysical speculations; we leave them to our politico-religious contemporaries. As a literary journal, we prefer treating this book on its literary merits. Written by a zealous Roman Catholic, it of course contains some passages which sound strangely to Protestant ears. For instance, at the end of a learned chapter on the question, "What is a University?" we stumble upon the following passage:—"Such is it in its idea and in its purpose, such, in good measure, has it before now been in fact. Shall it ever be again? We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of Mary, in the name of Patrick, to attempt it." Such passages, of which there are indeed but few, and which do not harmonize with the generally calm and philosophic tone of the book, we shall simply, as the lawyers say, treat as surplusage. We are not frightened, and we would not pay our learned and amply-endowed archbishops, bishops, deans, canons, prebendaries, archdeacons, and rectors such a bad compliment as to suppose that they can be frightened out of their propriety by a very poor gentleman in an academic gown, who tilts against their time-honoured privileges "in the name of Patrick." If Dr. Newman can establish a flourishing university for the benefit of his co-religionists, we can see no cause to complain, though he sets about it in the name of Keven, Senanus, Bridget, Brian Boiroihme, and all the Irish worthies with whom Moore's Melodies have made us familiar.

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through its various developments, down to the present struggle between the university and the collegiate or tutorial system. A large portion is devoted to Oxford, past and present. And now that all minds are fixed in attention on the reform of our old academic bodies, this thorough analysis of their functions and constitution is peculiarly well-timed.

It may be divided into two parts. The first treats of the university system of the old civilization; the second of its mediæval and modern development. After having defined a university to be a *studium generale*, or "school of universal learning," Dr. Newman proceeds to develop this idea. If it include all branches of knowledge, it is obvious that it must consist of professors and pupils from all parts. Like the Great Exhibition, it must be an assemblage of all that is most choice in science, where the student may learn, not merely by the written letter, but by the eye, the voice, the interchange of intelligence. Dr. Newman argues justly, as we think, that though a great mass of information may be accumulated from books, it is the living voice, the influence of mind upon mind, the generous emulation engendered amongst men pursuing the one object, that makes the accomplished scholar. What Westminster is to the politician, what the Court and Metropolis are to the man of fashion, what Rome and Florence are to the artist, what foreign travel is to the learner of languages, such, and much more, should the university be to the student athirst for knowledge:—

"It is the place to which a thousand scholars make contributions: in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed by the collision of mind with mind and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the professor becomes eloquent, and a missionary and preacher of science, displaying it in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which attracts the affections of the young by its fame, wins the judgment of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the memory of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an *Alma Mater* of the rising generation."

This is eloquent writing—so eloquent, that we have no doubt the writer drew his picture from Oxford as she appeared to his youthful imagination. But our function as critics is not to be carried away by eloquence, but to sift and distinguish the chaff from the corn. Is it, then, true, as Dr. Newman would make us believe, that a mind taught by books is only half taught? We believe it is. Not only do facts, which have been the subject of the catechetical teaching of a university, become indelibly burnt into the mind, but there is a certain cumbrousness—a *Domine Samsonism*, if we may use the expression—about the intellect which is stored with book-learning only. This difference is observable even in the very young. We have often remarked the contrast between the freedom of mind and quickness of apprehension displayed by children who have been accustomed to mix in the

conversation of cultivated people, and the helpless stupidity of those who have been drilled at their books by a schoolmistress. And so, even in later life, the office of a university is performed, in a measure, by good literary society. But this is within the reach of very few. A university is a contrivance for making it accessible to all.

The succeeding chapters on Athens, the Sophists, Discipline and Influence, could have been written by no one but Dr. Newman. The extensive and accurate knowledge, not of the letter merely, but of the spirit of classical times, the power of generalization, and the easy simple style, sometimes blemished with a flippant remark, or a passing hint at modern institutions which he does not like, are eminently characteristic. In them Dr. Newman traces the university system from its germ in the schools of Athens, where some men of eminent genius, without endowments, without college buildings, without the protection of the civil power, or the prime minister's permission to grant degrees, gathered round them an ever-increasing crowd of students, until they had made Attica the university of the world. They simply provided the supply; the demand followed of course:—

"Let us take her [Athens] as she was," says Dr. Newman, "and I say that a people so speculative, so imaginative, which threw upon mental activity as other races upon repose, and to whom it came as natural to think, as to a barbarian to smoke or to sleep, such a people were in a true sense born teachers, and merely to live among them was a cultivation of mind. Hence they suddenly took their place in this capacity from the time that they had emancipated themselves from the aristocratic families with which their history opens. We talk of the 'republic of letters,' because thought is free, and minds of whatever rank in life are on a level. The Athenians felt that a democracy was but the political expression of an intellectual isonomy, and when they had obtained it, and taken the Beautiful for their sovereign instead of Pisisstratus, they came forth as the civilizers, not of Greece only, but of the European world."

"A century had not passed from the expulsion of the Pisisstratide, when Pericles was able to call Athens the 'schoolmistress' of Greece. And ere it had well run out, upon her misfortunes in Sicily, the old Syracuse, who pleaded in behalf of her citizens, conjured his fellow-citizens, 'in that they had the gift of reason,' to have mercy upon those who had opened their land, as 'a common school,' to all men; and he asks, 'To what foreign land will men betake themselves for liberal education if Athens be destroyed?'"

In Athens we have the idea of a university. All branches of knowledge had their professors, and students flocked from all parts to profit by their instruction. It possessed all that was necessary to the being of a university, but not for its well-being. Students indeed came, and went, but they lodged in such dog-kennels as they could find, and were under no discipline, but that which was insensibly conveyed to their minds in the atmosphere of Beauty which they breathed. The *καλὸν καγαθόν*, the beautiful and the good, was the only principle which held their society together. The Athenian university wanted a principle of law, order, and stability. This was developed in the "Museum" of Alexandria, founded by Ptolemy. Here were all the elements of a perfect university—a great public library, lodgings, and endowments for the professors and students, and porticos for lectures. Here, in short, was not only a university, but a college. This idea was still further carried out in the public schools of Rome. But, true to her political genius, the

state was with her everything, the university merely a state-tool. As might be expected, learning, thus kept in leading-strings, never developed itself in Italy into such forms of beauty as it had done in Greece. Latin literature was but an imitation of Grecian. Athens continued to be the instructress of the world long after her political power was extinguished; the civilization of Rome set with her empire. As each succeeding wave of barbarism passed over her, the very idea of learning would have been lost, but for the faint tradition of its glories, preserved in the monasteries and seminaries of the Church. From this our modern civilization rose.

Then it was that Gregory the Great turned his eyes to two distant isles of the North which had been, like the rest of Europe, overrun by savage tribes. Passing over Alexandria, and the effete civilization of Constantinople, in the midst of war, famine, and pestilence, with the supernatural prescience, as Dr. Newman believes, of a sovereign Pontiff, he conceived the project of converting the savage Anglo-Saxons and Irish. And when Charlemagne afterwards formed the noble design of imparting to his barbarous subjects the blessings of learning and civilization, it was from England and Ireland that he obtained his teachers:—

"The Anglo-Saxon Alcuin was the first rector, and Clement the second, of the studium of Paris. In the same age the Irish John was sent to found the school of Pavia; and when the heretical Claudius of Turin exulted over the ignorance of the devastated churches of the Continent, and called the Synod of Bishops, who summoned him, 'a congregation of asses,' it was no other than the Irish Dungall, a monk of St. Denis, who met and overthrew the presumptuous railler."

The next chapter is on the "detachment" from any particular dynasty, form of government, or line of policy which has certainly, by the acknowledgment of all, been the principle of the Papal Court from time immemorial. This is what Cromwell, in his rough but forcible style, complained of when he said, "The plain truth of it is, make any peace with any state that is Popish and subjected to the authority of Rome and the Pope himself—you are bound and they are loose." This "detachment," which statesmen would call a vice, Dr. Newman conceives to be a necessary character of the spiritual authority. Monarchies and republics, aristocracies and democracies, are all alike to a power which believes its kingdom "not to be of this world." With this question we have nothing to do; but we must quote the following characteristic anecdote of the Duke. Dr. Newman is contrasting the ordinary policy which would recommend itself to an acute man of the world, with that apparent folly and real wisdom which has always, as he says, actuated the sovereign Pontiff:—

"Not many years have passed since a nuncio of the Holy See passed through England on his way from Portugal to Rome, and had an interview with a great warrior, now no more, a man of preternatural sagacity in his own sphere of thought,—which was not catholic and divine. When the ecclesiastic in question, asked the great man's advice what Pope Gregory's policy should be, the Duke abruptly replied, 'Let him catch hold of the coat-tails of Austria, and hang on as hard as he can.'"

But to return to our universities. The schools of Charlemagne were founded on the old ecclesiastical seminaries which had come down by tradition from the earliest ages of the Church. But these were enlarged, both

with regard to their studies and their students. Grammar, in the sense of general literature, was added to their former course, and they were thrown open to ecclesiastics, the sons of the nobility and of the poor alike. Elementary schools were multiplied, while *studia generalia*, or universities, were established at Paris, Pavia, and Bologna. Education was thus in some measure taken out of the hands of the clergy, and acquired a more popular and general character.

For four hundred years this system remained stationary; but then a great intellectual movement began, and still further developed the idea of a university. The age of the schoolmen came in with Abelard. The trivium, consisting of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and the quadrivium of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, had hitherto included all the branches of knowledge taught at the public schools. To these were now added law, medicine, metaphysics, natural history, biblical criticism, and languages. The schoolmen conceived the grand idea of mapping out all knowledge, and tracing the connexion of its various branches to the whole. A universal system was the object of their labours, and Aristotle their guide to attain it.

The idea of a seminary for the clergy had now been superseded by that of a perfect university. Students, clerical and lay, native and foreign, rich and poor, flocked in thousands to the great emporia of learning at Paris, Bologna, Oxford, and Salamanca. The professorial system was all in all. A professor had only to hire a barn or shed, and deliver lectures to all comers, from whom he, in return, obtained the means of living. His next step was to hire a house, where he boarded his pupils. When rival professors multiplied, and young men of all nations attended their lectures, it may well be imagined that brawls arose, and that the universities became scenes of turbulence and disorder. The grand remedy for this state of things was the foundation of colleges within the universities.

The monastic orders first stepped in to supply this want; and in the thirteenth century the friars, who had lately been established, rivalled them in founding colleges at the universities. But these were solely for the use of their own members, and, perhaps, for the sons of the nobility. The numerous class of poor scholars were still unprovided for. This led to the endowment, by princes and private benefactors, of colleges and halls, which should in some measure provide for the student the discipline and the comfort of home.

Here, then, for the first time, was introduced the collegiate and tutorial system, and it produced vast changes. Among the causes which, in the fifteenth century, gave the universities the local, political, and aristocratic character which they have ever since retained, Dr. Newman reckons the foundation of colleges, the growth of nationalism, the increasing appreciation of peace, and of the conveniences of life, and the separation of languages. During the last three hundred years all these causes have been becoming more and more active, so that at the beginning of the present century the collegiate and tutorial systems had absolutely superseded the professorial and the university. "A university embodies the principle of progress," says Dr. Newman, "and a college that of stability; the one is the sail, and the other the ballast; each is insufficient in itself for the pursuit,

extension, and inculcation of knowledge; each is useful to the other." It is needless to observe that at the beginning of the century our universities had furlled their sails, and contented themselves with riding at anchor in ballast.

The chapter on the Abuses of Colleges, is most interesting and important. It shows up the short-comings of Oxford with no sparing hand, and traces the grand contest, now still going on, between the professorial and tutorial systems, from the first note of alarm sounded by the 'Edinburgh Review, to the issuing of the Oxford Commission. Of all this Dr. Newman may say, with truth, *Quorum pars magna fui*. The conclusion he arrives at is, that no ministry will ever be strong enough to bring the colleges into due subordination to the university.

It is rarely, indeed, that one finds an author so thoroughly acquainted with his subject as Dr. Newman. Even those who fancy themselves best informed will learn much, and the most liberal will find the extent of their views on the subject of university reform considerably enlarged by the perusal of this unpretending volume. It will meet with a good deal of obloquy amongst college dons, because it tells unpalatable truths; but we are much mistaken if it does not give the reading public a new view of the question.

Summer Experiences of Rome, Perugia, and Siena in 1854. With Illustrations. By Mrs. J. E. Westropp. Skeffington.

ROME in summer is known to few English travellers. As soon as "the season" is over there is a general rush from the place as from a city of the plague. Now and then some stray tourists, with the option of no other time to "do" the sights, may be seen creeping along under the scanty shadow of the walls, or hastening across the open spaces with umbrellas up to save their heads from the pitiless shower of sunrays. One great attraction for strangers there is in the illumination of the dome of St. Peter's, on the 6th of July, which every Englishman votes an absurd time of the year for the display, though it serves the Papal purpose of bringing back many *forestieri* for a few days to scatter their scudi among the subjects of His Holiness. To remain in Rome after the end of the season for this festival is not deemed a wise proceeding, and to tarry after it is over, an act of decided insanity. That there is a vast deal of exaggeration and misconception about the salubrity and comfort of Rome in summer, Mrs. Westropp undertakes to show from the result of her own experience. She confesses that it is rather hot in July, towards the close of which she too was compelled to retreat to cooler regions, but June she declares is the pleasantest of all months in Rome. And there is some truth in her statements. If the stranger avoids being abroad in the heat of the day, and follows the native custom of taking a *siesta* in the afternoon, the rooms can be kept tolerably cool with the help of *Persiani* or outside blinds, and pleasant indeed are the fresh mornings, the golden sunsets, and silver moonlights of Rome in summer. Then are remembered with disgust the piercing *tramontana*, the comfortless wood fires, smoky chimneys, and the ill-paved muddy streets of the winter season. Nor is the comparative cheapness of living to be overlooked, lodgings and car-

riages being to be had in summer at a wonderfully reduced tariff. Taking these and other matters into consideration, we are not surprised that Mrs. Westropp writes to her correspondent in England not to pity her for being obliged to stay in Rome after all her compatriots had left, little knowing how delightful an abode they have deserted.

The greater part of the book is occupied with the description of sights that may be seen at any season of the year. With Kügler's 'Handbook,' and Mrs. Jameson's 'Legendary Art,' and the inevitable 'Murray,' Mrs. Westropp visited all the churches and palaces and galleries and places of attraction, about which she tells the oft-told tale, with comments of her own, not marked by any extraordinary novelty.

The only peculiar feature of her journal is the account of the ecclesiastical ceremonies of the period of her summer residence, but as there is a sameness about these services, no great interest attaches to this part of the narrative. June is certainly one of the busiest months in the ecclesiastical year, especially if it includes the solemnities of the Corpus Domini, the Fête-Dieu of France. It is a movable feast, always taking place on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. In 1854, the year of Mrs. Westropp's Journal, it fell on the 14th of June, and a full account of the ceremonies is given. The music is described as being unusually fine, particularly the hymn "Pange Lingua Gloriosi," appropriated for this festival, and sung for a week. The great services are at the St. John Lateran, but on the last day of the octave the attraction is chiefly the grand procession at St. Peter's:—

"Vespers were in the part behind the Baldacchino; the Psalms were not particularly fine, but I heard again the beautiful 'Pange Lingua Gloriosi,' so simple, solemn, and touching. When the service was over, we went into the great square and hired chairs, upon which we stood, so as to see the procession well. It began to emerge from the great door about half-past six, took a circuit in the great square, and returned by the same door. First came St. Peter's great umbrella of cloth of gold and purple; it is newer and much more handsome than those of the other basilicas. Afterwards came the religious orders, at least some of them, perhaps half-a-dozen, each sending from fifty to two hundred deputies. Then the six parishes dependent upon St. Peter's, each preceded by its banner, and consisting of boys under education, choir, church-servants, priests, canons, and dignitaries, with their fur tippets, which were rather out of place in such weather. A number of young girls dressed in white stuck with pins, like those at St. John Lateran, followed; I think there were thirty, but I lost the reckoning. All wore in their girdles a roll of paper, which was the 'earnest' for their dowry. I was glad to see that only one wore the crown, marking her as destined to a convent. All the officials of St. Peter's itself, from the lowest to the highest, came next. The host was carried by a cardinal. Directly after him walked the Pope, wearing a white dress and train, with a scarlet cope. The other cardinals, their chaplains, servants, and military, closed the procession."

The ceremonies of St. Peter's day are duly described, and this is the only time, except at Christmas and Easter, that the Pope says mass in St. Peter's:—

"When the Pope elevated the host, the silver trumpets placed in the gallery in the dome were sounded. The effect was overpowering, and many of the ladies (my companion among others) were sobbing. The musicians began a soft, low melody, gradually swelling, and dying away in distant

echoes. I had heard much of these silver trumpets, but they far surpassed my expectations.

"At that moment the *coup d'aile* was splendid. The bright rays of the sun fell upon the crimson hangings and the gorgeous costumes—the Swiss guards in their bright, parti-coloured dress, the scarlet uniform and nodding plumes of the 'Guardia Nobile,' the magnificent gold plate and paraphernalia, and the venerable, grey-headed Pope. Behind him knelt the mitred cardinals, with all their attendants. When the trumpets ceased, all rose from their knees, and the mass proceeded, till the 'Ite missa est' gave the signal that all was over."

Mrs. Westropp talks like a good Protestant about the "mummery" of these shows, and the absence of real piety; but her descriptions show how imposing are their effects, and an amusing narrative appears of the interest which she herself excited in a venerable cardinal, who told a friend that "he and his chaplain had noticed how attentive she was to her book," from which he augured well for her conversion. "Now that the greatest part of the English have left Rome," adds the author, with modest naïveté "my long curls and fair complexion make me conspicuous among the Roman ladies."

The more novel and interesting portion of Mrs. Westropp's book relates to her sojourn at Perugia and at Siena, both of which places, she justly remarks, deserve to be better known than can be expected from the hasty visits usually paid to them by passing tourists. All that district of Italy is full of romantic interest, and the Etruscan remains afford objects of study and contemplation in which antiquaries may revel. At Chiusi (Clusium) the author was shown what is called the tomb of Lars Porsena; but on consulting Pliny in the library at Siena, she was mortified by discovering that, while the tomb now exhibited is circular, that of Porsena is described as square, each side three hundred feet long. However, in the neighbourhood both of Siena and of Perugia, many remarkable tombs were inspected, which deserve the attention of archaeologists. Siena was once a favourite place of residence for the English, but very few families are there now. Mrs. Westropp's narrative may direct attention to its claims on the score of economy, health, and its historic associations. The chapters on the Lake Trasymene, and on the old Etruscan cities, we have read with much interest. The volume is illustrated with plates sketched and lithographed by the author. An appendix contains descriptions of Ischia and the islands in the Bay of Naples, with more details than are found in the guide-books and ordinary narratives of travel.

Under Green Leaves. By Charles Mackay, Author of "The Lump of Gold," "Egeria," &c. &c. Routledge and Co.

This book is true to its title. It has all the freshness of the open sky and the forest glade upon it. It is bright and wholesome as a mountain brook, and "sweet as English air can make it." The hills and woods have lent their vigorous impulses to the genius of their devotee, and he in turn has woven them into graceful and melodious verse. Charles Mackay is a great master of expression, and his thoughts are presented in a medium at once so musical and so transparent, that he is likely to get less credit than he deserves for depth both of feeling and of thought. In this he is like the rivers that he loves; it is only when we

plumb them, that we find what a mass of crystal lies between us and their glistening bed. From the slightest of his poems we always carry away something of value,—some manly thought, or wholesome sentiment, warm from the writer's heart, and vital with practical truth.

Charles Mackay is essentially a writer for the people. He speaks to their affections in plain and forcible language; he teaches them by symbols which all may understand; he sends home useful truths to their hearts by illustrations that lie within the range of ordinary knowledge and experience; and he fixes what he has to say upon their memories by the musical and unlaboured flow of his verse. No wonder, then, that he is popular, and quietly strikes a wide root among the public, while more ambitious writers make a little noisy popularity among literary people, are praised in the journals, and forgotten. This volume will add to his influence. It contains many poems, slight in their material, perhaps, but so perfect in their structure, that they are sure to take a hold upon those who love nature and simplicity, truth of observation and truth of feeling, and who are glad to listen, by the fireside in the crowded city, to the poet who

"Murmurs near the living brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

No one will lay down this little volume unrefreshed, or without thanking the author for generous emotions kindled, and fruitful thoughts awakened. Although consisting of short separate poems, it can only be fairly judged by a thorough perusal, for its greatest charm lies not so much in the details, as in the wholesome atmosphere by which the book is pervaded. We must, however, make room for two specimens, the first taken from the lyrical, the second from the reflective pieces. How forcibly is a useful truth presented in the following song to those who need it most, yet who will only take it from a man of whose sympathies they are as sure as they are of Dr. Mackay's!

"HORNTHAND.

"How now, Hornthand,
Toiling in the crowd,
What is there in thee or thine
That thou scornest me and mine—
Looking down so proud?
Thou'rt the bee, and I'm the drone!—
Not so,—Hornthand!—
Sit beside me on the sward!—
Where's the need to stand?
And we'll reason, thou and I,
'Twixt the green grass and the sky."

"Thou canst plough and delve,
Thou canst weave and spin,
On thy brow are streaks of care,
Iron-grey's thy scanty hair
And thy garments thin;—
Were it not for such as thou,
Toiling morn and night,
Luxury would lose its gauds,
And the land its might;
Mart and harbour would decay,
Tower and temple pass away."

"Granted, Hornthand!
High's the work you do;—
Spring-time sowing, autumn tithing,
And the red wine's lusty spilling,
Were not but for you.
Art and arms, and all the pride
Of our wealth and state,
Start from Labour's honest hands,—
Labour high and great,
Sire of Plenty, friend of Mirth,
Master of the willing Earth."

"Yet, good Hornthand,
Why shouldst thou be vain?
Why should builder, ploughman, smith,
Boastful of their strength and pith,
Scorn the busy brain?
Working classes, self-bedubb'd!—
As if none but they
Labour'd with incessant toil,
Night as well as day,
With the spirit and the pen,—
Teachers, guides, and friends of men!

"Drones there are, no doubt;—
Yet not all who seem;
Flesh and blood are not the whole,
There's a honey of the soul,
Whate'er thou deem,
Is the man who builds a book,
That exalts and charms,
Not as good as he who builds
With his brawny arms?
What were Labour but for Thought?—
Baseless effort, born of nought!
"Many a noble heart,
Many a regal head,
Labours for our native land
Harder than the horniest hand
For its daily bread.
Painter, poet, statesman, sage,
Toil for human kind,
Unrewarded but of Heaven,
And the inner mind.
Thou recantest?—So!—'Tis done!
Pass from shadow into sun!"

Addresses to ruins and old castles are generally things to be avoided. Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey,' indeed, is the only instance that rises to our memory coupled with no sensations of *ennui*. We name that poem now for no purposes of comparison. It is, and is likely to remain, unmatched in its class, as unquestionably it is hitherto unmatched. That Mr. Mackay, however, has contrived to throw a novelty and spirit into a theme of this class in a very natural and graceful way, will be admitted by the most fastidious reader of—

"KILRAVOCK TOWER.
"Forlorn old tower! that lookest sadly down
Upon the river glittering in the light,
Upon the green leaves of the clambering woods,
And o'er the wide expanse of mountain-land,
How many tales thine ancient walls might tell!
And yet, thou silent undivulging tower,
What couldst thou tell us that we do not know?
The matter of all history is the same.
Time in all changes can but iterate
The morn and eve, the noon-time and the night,
The spring's fresh promise and the autumnal fruit,
The leaves of summer and the winter's snow,
The human story still repeats itself.—
The form may differ, but the soul remains.

"Four hundred years ago, when thou wert built,
Men err'd and suffer'd.—Truth and Falsehood waged
One with the other their perpetual war;—
And Justice and Injustice, Right and Wrong,
Succumb'd and triumph'd as they do to-day.
The young heart loved with passionate earnestness,
The old heart scorn'd all follies but its own;
And Joy and Sorrow—Jealousy—Revenge—
Lusty Ambition—skulking Avarice—
Patience and Zeal—and persecuting Rage—
Pity and Hope—and Charity and Love—
All good and evil passions of the mind,
Brighten'd or darken'd—oh, thou mouldering wall!
Through all the landscape of humanity.

"Couldst thou divulge whatever thou hast seen,
Thou couldst but call these spirits from the Past
To read us lessons.—Ancient Tower! thy voice
Need not instruct us: for we look around
On highways or on byways of our life,
And find no sorrow of the ancient days
Unparallel'd in ours; no love sublime,
No patient and heroic tenderness,
No strong endurance in adversity,
No womanly or manly grace of mind,
That we could not, if every truth were known,
Match with its fellow in our later days.
So keep, Old Tower, thy secrets to thyself!
There's not a novel in the crowded town
That could not tell us tomes of histories
Of good and evil, wonderful as thine."

Of recent poetry there is none which can be put into the hands of the young with so much safety as that of Charles Mackay. It instructs while it delights. A pure and manly and genial nature; wide sympathies and the mellow wisdom of observant experience, are apparent throughout his writings. He sees and he thinks clearly. His fancy is chaste, yet free and glowing. There is not a trace of false sentiment about him; and though a liberal in politics, he is untainted by the cant of the so-called advocates of progress. As a writer of clear, musical, and vigorous English, he is a valuable model in these days of misty word-spinning and ragged rhythm, when it is hard to say which is most distracted—the brain, in endeavouring to

grasp the phantoms of the poet's conception, or the ear, by his uncouth verbiage and the jolting dissonance of his verse. The language which has been good enough for the finest prose and poetry in the world, Dr. Mackay obviously esteems good enough also for his uses. He scorns to catch an admirer by that careless roughness which is so often mistaken for originality. His verse has cadences of its own, it is true, but they are in harmony with the genius of the language. Thus they fit themselves easily to the tongue, and are taken with welcome by the ear. Such poetry will always be acceptable, either indoors or "under green leaves."

Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria, including her Private Correspondence with Charles I. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. Bentley.

ON the history of the Civil War, and the real causes of the struggle between the English Parliament and the Crown in the seventeenth century, these letters throw important light. From his father, James I., Charles had received early lessons in kingcraft; but it was from foreign sources that he derived the chief instigations to the career which led to his own ruin. In France he had seen the absolute sovereignty which Richelieu was preparing for the heir of Louis XIII. In Spain he had witnessed the splendid despotism which Philip II. had built up on the liberties of a nation as proud of their privileges as the people of England. In his attempt to exercise absolute power in his own kingdom, Charles had a ready prompter and an active ally in his Queen, Henrietta Maria of France. His private letters have shown how thoroughly he was under the influence of her ambitious spirit and resolute will. The pity and sympathy that have always been inspired by his melancholy fate will be increased when the secret springs of his fatal conduct are more fully understood. These letters of Henrietta Maria let us behind the scenes of that tragical history. They show that her foreign and Popish counsellors were the arch-conspirators against the religion and liberty of England, and that the Queen herself was the real regicide.

This has been sometimes asserted by historians, but not with the fullness of proof which is now revealed. In the year 1645, after the battle of Naseby, a cabinet belonging to Charles I. fell into the hands of the Parliamentary army, containing a number of the Queen's letters, and copies of those from the King to her. These were published, but they were declared by the Royalists to be forgeries, and the comments on them were said to be inventions of party malice. Other letters of unquestioned genuineness have at various times been published, and historians of all political parties have been constrained to present the Queen's character in its true light. The collection now made by Mrs. Green unfolds the whole story of the civil war so far as Charles and Henrietta are concerned. Most of the letters are printed from the originals, preserved in the French Archives des Affaires Etrangères, and in the English State Paper Office. From the Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris, are also given some of her earlier letters, and some of her later from the Archiepiscopal library at Lambeth. A still more important series in a political point of view is preserved in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum. These are contempo-

rary transcripts of the original letters, the greater part in cypher, with passages deciphered, and the interpretation underlined. From these passages a key was compiled, and after much labour, for her perseverance and ingenuity in which Mrs. Green deserves the praise and thanks of historical students, the whole correspondence is now brought to light, chronologically arranged, and illustrated by brief and acceptable notes. The perusal of these remarkable documents impresses us with a high idea of the intellectual energy and lofty ambition of the Queen, while they show the reality of the dangers from which England was delivered by the timely resistance to regal tyranny. Now for the proofs.

Pope Urban VIII., in granting to Henrietta Maria a dispensation to marry a Protestant prince, expressly told her that he consented only on condition of her serving the church. She was to become the Esther of her oppressed people, the Clothilde who subdued to the faith her victorious husband, the Aldiberga whose nuptials brought religion into Britain; for the eyes of the whole world, and the whole spiritual world, are turned upon her. In her reply to the Pope, she thus writes:—

"Following the good training and instructions of the queen my mother, I have thought it my duty to render, as I do, very humble thanks to your holiness, that you have been pleased on your part to contribute hereto; giving you my faith and word of honour, and in conformity with that which I have given to his majesty, that if it please God to bless this marriage, and if he grant me the favour to give me progeny, I will not choose any but Catholics to nurse or educate the children who shall be born, or do any other service for them, and will take care that the officers who choose them be only Catholics, obliging them only to take others of the same religion; concerning which I very humbly pray your holiness to rest fully assured, and to do me the honour to believe me, most holy father,

"Your very devoted daughter,
HENRIETTA MARIA.

"Paris, April 6, 1625.
"To our most holy father, the Pope."

In almost the same terms she addressed her brother Louis XIII.:—

"As I desire religiously to keep and observe your majesty's sincere intentions, as well in what concerns me and mine, as in what may be useful and advantageous to the religion and to the Catholics of Great Britain, I give your majesty my faith and word of conscience, that if it so be that it please God to bless this marriage, so as to give me the favour of progeny, I will make no selection of persons to bring up and serve the children who may be born, except from Catholics; I will only give the charge of choosing these officers to Catholics, obliging them to take none but those of the same religion."

How well the Queen remembered her "word of honour" to promote the Romish faith is well known, and Serault, in his 'Oraison Funèbre,' after her death, truly said that "her mission to England was not so much to reign as to procure the reign of Popery."

But apart from zeal for the Romish religion, the love of absolute power was ever active in the Queen. "To die of consumption of royalty," she wrote to Charles, "is a death I cannot endure, having found by experience the malady too insupportable." Her sister-in-law, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, writing to Sir Thomas Roe, in 1642, described Henrietta's influence as paramount in the Royalist councils. "The Queen doth all: my son advised him (the

(King) to a reconciliation with the Parliament, but the Queen would not hear of it, under pretence that the Parliament would ask dishonourable terms." In general the tone of her letters is that of urgent exhortation to the King to be firm and resolute, and in this she displays a loftiness of spirit worthy of a better cause. Thus she wrote from the Hague in the autumn of 1642:—

"My dear heart,—I had sent off a person to come to you, but the wind has not permitted. I am in extreme anxiety, hearing no tidings from you, and those from London are not advantageous to you. Perhaps by this they think to frighten me into an accommodation; but they are deceived. I never in my life did anything from fear, and I hope I shall not begin by the loss of a crown; as to you, you know well that there have been persons who have said that you were of that temper; if that be true, I have never recognised it in you, but I still hope, even if it has been true, that you will show the contrary, and that no fear will make you submit to your own ruin and that of your posterity. For my own part, I do not see the wisdom of these Messieurs rebels, in being able to imagine that they will make you come by force to their object, and to an accommodation: for as long as you are in the world, assuredly England can have no rest nor peace, unless you consent to it, and assuredly that cannot be unless you are restored to your just prerogatives: and if even in the beginning you should meet with misfortunes, you will still have friends enough who will assist you to replace yourself. I have never yet seen nor read an example which can make me doubt of it by any means. Resolution and constancy are two things very necessary to it, assisted by the justice of our cause. Neither God nor men of honour will abandon you, provided you do not abandon yourself."

Frequently she supported her counsels by a threat of retiring to a convent, and never seeing the King again:—

"A report is current here, that you are returning to London, or near it. I believe nothing of it, and hope that you are more constant in your resolutions; you have already learned to your cost, that want of perseverance in your designs has ruined you. [But] if it be so, adieu; I must pray to God, for assuredly you will never change my resolution to retire into a convent, for I can never trust myself to those persons who would be your directors, nor to you, since you would have broken your promise to me. If you had wished to make an accommodation, you could have done it as well at York, and more to your advantage than near London."

This she wrote in 1643, and we find her in 1646, when all hope for Charles was lost except by coming to terms with the Parliament, repeating her threat. "I tell you again, for the last time, that if you grant more you are lost, and I shall never return to England, but shall go and pray for you." The whole of the correspondence exhibits proofs of the irresolute character and vacillating policy of Charles, for which she rated him in no measured terms:—

"The folly is so great, that I do not understand it. Delays have always ruined you. As to your answer on the militia, I would believe that you will not consent to pass it for two years, as I understand you will be pressed to do, and that you will refuse it. But, perhaps, it is already done; you are beginning again your old game of yielding everything. For my own consolation, however, I will hope the contrary, till I hear the decision; for I confess that if you do it, you ruin me in ruining yourself; and that, could I have believed it, I should never have quitted England; for my journey is rendered ridiculous by what you do, having broken all the resolutions that you and I had taken, except of going where you are, and that

to do nothing. * * * I send you this man express, hoping that you will not have passed the militia bill. If you have, I must think about retiring for the present into a convent, for you are no longer capable of protecting any one, not even yourself."

About a hundred of the two hundred and thirty letters in the volume are to the King. To the Earl of Newcastle, the Marquis of Montrose, and Cardinal Mazarin, most of the other letters on political affairs are addressed. There are also many to her son Charles II., but not of much interest. Throughout the correspondence there are allusions to the leading persons and events of the times which deserve more full elucidation than is attempted in Mrs. Green's notes, and the book offers ample materials for historical study. It forms an interesting companion work to the letters of Charles I., recently published by Mr. Bruce for the Camden Society.

Outlines of Theoretical Logic; founded on the New Analytic of Sir W. Hamilton.
By C. M. Ingleby, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan.

[Second Notice.]

THE NEW ANALYTIC, as has been stated in our previous notice, treats of Induction as a part of syllogistic logic. Now, we may safely say, than when a work of any authority whatever does this, it should be closely criticized. It portends mischief, like a cloud in a bright sky—a cloud of mediæval darkness, out of place in the clearer atmospheres and transparent lights in which the real phenomena of nature show themselves. It signifies that words are encroaching on the domain of things; that facts will be inferred from forms, and laws from definitions. When this takes place true knowledge is in danger, and physics (according to the Newtonian advice) have to guard themselves against metaphysics.

This they have to do periodically. The authority of writers upon logic is generally in proportion to their skill, and their skill in proportion to their love of the subject. When this is warmed into zeal, and the zeal gets the better of discretion, undue claims are put forwards. Of these, the first and foremost is one for the whole domain of Induction. How should it be otherwise? So rich a field may well be coveted by the masters of a process that once converted everything into syllogisms.

The claim set up by one great logician, the Archbishop of Dublin, is for a large portion of the field. This, however, is not the claim that we are examining. Sir W. Hamilton's is for a smaller section, and also for a different one; as was but natural. Who, that knew how the Scotch philosopher wrote against everything appertaining to either Whately or Whately's university, could suppose that the two would act in union even in a burlesque attack upon property not their own?

Whately's Induction is this.—When, after examining several sheep, and finding that each ruminates, we infer that *all* sheep or *sheep* in general ruminate, we assume that the class was adequately represented by the individuals we have had under notice, and that what belonged to these belongs to all their congeners. Well and good. But how do we ascertain the adequacy of the representation; how far do we know whether our number of cases has been sufficiently ample;

how far do we know whether each case has been characteristic; how far do we know whether the individuals not examined are likely to resemble the ones examined? Logic tells us nothing about this; and Whately's Logic owns that it tells us nothing.

So does Sir W. Hamilton's. This would call the inference, that *all* sheep were in the same category with a certain number of sheep previously examined, "a material illation, warranted by the general analogies of Nature," but not logical. It would call it *extra-logical*. From everything extra-logical the Induction of Sir W. Hamilton recoils.

In order for an Induction to be *logical*, the illation must be *formal*—i.e., it must be "legitimated solely by the laws of thought, and abstract from the conditions of this or that particular matter."

This is fairly and boldly put. Let us see what it leads to. It leads to something which has no existence in the external world at all. It leads us to this *ex vi termini*, inasmuch as the inner world of thought is the only world to which it applies; a fine world, not to say a magnificent one, a world with a pure and rarefied atmosphere,—a barren world, nevertheless; barren at any rate, in the eyes of the men who are most naturally and generally connected with Induction and the sciences called Inductive.

Not so, however, in the eyes of those who, instead of stones, and plants, and animals, and winds, and waters, and such like objective materialities, deal with thoughts, words, relations, subjective views of individuals or classes, of particulars or universals, of wholes or parts. It is out of abstractions of this kind that *formal* as opposed to *material* inferences can be procured. And, what is more, they can be procured *ad libitum*. If nature makes groups in her way, mind makes them in hers. If nature makes areas of land surrounded by water by means of so much earth and ocean, mind makes *islands* by means of definitions to that effect.

Now it is out of these definitional groups or classes, and out of these exclusively, that Sir W. Hamilton gets each and all of those illations which are "legitimated by the laws of thought" as opposed to the laws of outward nature.

We say this without hesitation or reserve, and we think that every expositor of Sir W. Hamilton's system should say the same, explicitly and unambiguously. Yet none of them have done so. Neither has their master. More than this, none of them seem to have known it. Neither seems their master to have known it. At any rate, no one, either master or disciple, has openly confessed that the philosophy of the Induction of the New Analytic is simply a philosophy of definitions.

To say—

All birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles are animals, is to say, that they form a *part* of the class expressed by the term *animal*—i.e., that they are *some* animals.

To say—

All birds, &c., have a vertebral column, is to say the same. They belong to the class constituted by the animals with vertebrae. Of this they are, at least, a part—possibly the whole. Say that they are the whole, and you say no more than the truth. But how do you know it to be the truth? By reference to the facts of nature; by an induction. Is this induction logical? No. Have we not but just now shown it to be material?

The logical formula, though like, is different. It is—

All birds, &c., are THE Vertebrata, i. e., all the vertebrata, or the whole of the class so called. And vice versâ—

The Vertebrata are birds, &c.

What is this but a definition, or if not a definition *totidem verbis*, a statement out of which one can be made?

It is with all the other cases as with this. Wherever the predicate is preceded by *all*, the proposition is definitional.

All common salt is soluble.

This is true; but it is not true that

Everything soluble is common salt,

though it is true that

Something soluble is common salt.

On the other hand, it is as true that

All chloride of sodium is common salt,

as it is true that

All common salt is chloride of sodium.

Chloride of sodium and *common salt* being merely different names for the same substance, and, as such, convertible terms, and, as such, definitional, and, as such, subserving the Induction of the New Analytic; an Induction which is nominal but not real, formal but not material. *Valde quantum.*

All this in the symbols of Mr. Ingleby runs thus:—

c, c', c'' are Some A.

c, c', c'' are All B.

Therefore All B is Some A.

Or in those of Sir W. Hamilton himself:—

x, y, z , are A.

x, y, z , are (whole) B.

Therefore B is A.

B means All B.

Looking into the field of thought for an explanation of these formulæ, we learn that the mind conceives something as a whole consisting of certain constituent parts, which, on their side, may be conceived as so many somethings of which the whole consists.

Hence, we get the Universal and the Particular, the Particular and the Universal—the one presented by the resulting whole, the other by the constituent parts. And what more do we want? Is not Induction the illation of the General from the Singular, the Universal from the Particular, the Class from the Individuals, &c.? And is not this Induction?

We answer No. It is merely Definition in disguise. The laws of thought tell us that when we have got a whole we have certain number of parts. But they never tell us that when we have got a certain number of parts we are also in possession of a whole. With a six-penny piece and twelve halfpennies we may get or give change, for the two are convertible. But what can we do when we have but firepence? Nothing of the kind.

Now the Induction of Sir W. Hamilton makes the whole and its parts convertible; which it is the reverse of what it professes to be. Whatever may be said to the contrary, it begins with the whole, and from this assumes the parts—not *some* of them (which is legitimate), but *all*.

The previous formulæ, be it observed, give us a universal conclusion:—

All B is Some A.

Let us ask, however, how we get this universal.

We get it from what immediately preceded—viz., the propositions—

c, c', c'' are Some A,

c, c', c'' are All B,

and it is got legitimately. But is it an Induction—i. e., an inference of something universal from something particular? No. The *All B* of the first, was just as much universal, and just as little particular, as the *All B* of the second proposition. There is no Induction here—no Induction, but simply a universal from a universal.

But, perhaps, we get the first *All B* from c, c', c'' , which, being eminently particular, give us what we want. This is, to a certain extent, the case. The *All B* is universal, the c, c', c'' the converse. But where is the inference or illation? Nowhere.

There is no inference or illation at all, but only an assumption, an assumption which is legitimate so far as the proposition in which it occurs is a definition, but no farther.

If the symbols of Sir William Hamilton himself have shown that, in order to give a formal and logical induction, the predicate should be universal, our own remarks suggest that whenever this universality is found it is one of two things—either a matter of fact, or a matter of definition. In the former case it lies beyond the boundaries of the syllogism; in the latter, beyond the boundaries of any useful or practical Induction. Where it is formal and logical it is other than inductive; where it is material and inductive it is extra-logical. Still it may be an Induction of some kind, though neither useful nor practical. It may be an Induction on the strength of its definition, a definition which so eminent a logician as Sir W. Hamilton may be allowed to frame. It may even be the Induction of Aristotle. But is it the Induction which the investigators of the nineteenth century recognise? Is it the Induction that any electrician, chemist, physiologist, or historian cares about? Is it even what Sir W. Hamilton calls it, a formal illation of the universal from the individual? We have shown that it is exactly the contrary. We have shown that, in order to get the parts, the whole is previously conceived, and the parts made to match.

If the claim of the syllogistic logician to Induction be invalid it is also mischievous; inasmuch as it is just the illegitimacy of claims of the kind in question that defeats the end for which they are advanced. They are meant to raise the value of syllogistic or Aristotelian logic. Their effect is to lower it. They fail in validity, get rejected, and create distrust. It is not by undue glorifications that the study of Logic is to be promoted. It is scarcely to be promoted by a fair statement of its value. For, undoubtedly, if we look to Logic as a means of acquiring new truths, this is far from high. The better mode of promulgation would be to simplify its teaching. Logic must be valued, like any ordinary commodity, not only by what it is good for, but by the price at which it is bought. If the apparatus is to be complicated, the processes slow, and the time given to its investigation tediously long, the results should be of greater magnitude, number, and importance than they are.

On the other hand, if the converse of all this be the case in respect to the machinery, and if it act quickly, safely, and pleasantly, the work it turns off is unimportant—comparatively so at least. A few distinctions understood, a few errors saved, a few correc-

tions compendiously and undeniably exhibited, are sufficient fruits of a short season and a not unpleasant toil.

That thus much may be obtained few of even the most anti-logical deny.

Again, if the Aristotelian syllogism be ever so useless as an instrument of philosophical investigation, it has an historical value. To a certain extent it has the value of a language—a language necessary for him who would study the history of human thought—a language, too, which is not useless in other inquiries. Some of the commonest words of the most unphilosophical of our fellow-countrymen are syllogistic in origin. And so they are in most of the other languages of Europe, and in some of those of Asia.

With these elements of value, to which a very moderate estimation might add others, the syllogistic Logic, Deductive or Uninductive, as it is, may fairly claim the notice of even the naturalist, the chemist, or the historian; of any investigator, in short, (be he who he may,) of contingent matter. It will always be worth something to somebody. But it must present itself in a simpler and more unambitious form than that given to it by the New Analytic.

At the same time, the New Analytic, as being the doctrine of the most special and proper logician that the present age has seen, has an historical value, superior in the mind of the present writer to its worth as either an illustration of the Laws of Thought or an instrument for Thinking.

The Works of Shakespeare; the Text carefully Restored according to the First Editions; with Introductions, Notes, Original and Selected, and a Life of the Poet. By the Rev. H. N. Hudson, A.M. Vol. XI. Boston, U.S.: Munroe and Co.

SHAKESPEARE does not rain but pour. It is not alone that England teems with editors and commentators, that every journal rejoices in its own annotations, that Mr. Collier thrills the world with "yet another and another" "find," and that Mr. Rooney vindicates the latent enthusiasm of Ireland by issuing his one-leaf Shamrock Shakespeare, but that the passion, in its most rabid form, has seized upon America. To do the people of the United States justice, they have always been great lovers of Shakespeare; and although they have not cultivated his language with much success, they have shown themselves, on all occasions, eager to pay homage to his memory. The house at Stratford, scrawled over with names from all parts of the world, bears ample testimony to the number of pilgrims who have visited it from the opposite shores of the Atlantic; and we at this side of the water at least are not likely to forget that, when the said house was set up by auction in London, there was an agent present commissioned to purchase it for exportation to America. These are unmistakable proofs of the regard in which Shakespeare is held by the descendants of the men who, in Elizabethan days, planted the colony of Virginia; but the publication terminating in the volume before us is, we believe, the first instance in which Shakespeare has been systematically and elaborately reproduced, with a "new life," and fresh "introductions, notes, and comments," by an American editor. Reprints of English editions have appeared all over the Union as thick as motes in the sun; but to the Rev. Mr. Hudson, of Boston, belongs

the special distinction of bringing out an original Shakspeare, edited, so to speak, from the American point of view.

It is not to be expected that Mr. Hudson should have anything new to tell us about the poet. A stray early edition might, no doubt, be picked up in America, for indefatigable are the efforts of American collectors; but new facts of any kind are scarcely to be looked for between the Rocky Mountains and the Broadway. Mr. Hudson himself is very conscious of this; and modestly observes, in his introduction to the life, that the most he can hope to accomplish is, "to put into a compact and readable shape what others have collected." This function, indeed, may be said to comprise the whole extent of his labours; and it is obvious that, prosecuting them at a distance from the centre of Shakspearian operations, the Transatlantic editor has been placed under a considerable disadvantage, the effect of which is curiously shown in his notes on the plays. The publication of this edition began, volume by volume, some five or six years ago; and during its progress have occurred those momentous revolutions, big with the fate of misprints and verbal obscurities, in which Mr. Collier's MS. corrector, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Singer, and others, have taken conspicuous parts. Nearly all Mr. Hudson's volumes were out before this flood of controversy swept away a multitude of old readings, and revealed a still greater multitude of new ones. The work is, consequently, antediluvian, and something worse—not only behind the age, but frequently in palpable opposition to its later knowledge. This is not Mr. Hudson's fault; it is clearly his misfortune. To bring up the edition to the present moment it would be necessary to recast the whole. Shakspeare can no longer be edited on the old plan of general information and scholastic erudition. It has become indispensable to re-edit him every now and then, so as to embrace the latest discoveries; and the time is, doubtless, coming when we shall have a fresh edition of him annually, like an almanack. This would be a manifest convenience to purchasers, who would be saved much trouble in the way of ascertaining which is the best edition, by being enabled to order "Shakspeare for 1857."

The eleventh volume of Mr. Hudson's edition, containing the Life and Poems, with a History of the Drama, and some general criticism, does not come within the antediluvian portion of the work. It has been compiled from the most recent English authorities, including the Life and Notes in Parkers' Annotated Poets; and, so far as details are concerned, it is highly creditable to the zeal and accuracy of the editor. If we were to suggest an objection on this ground it would be, not that the volume is deficient in matter, but that it contains rather too much, and that a little pruning and condensation would have enhanced its interest. But it is one of the unavoidable difficulties of an editor not "to the manner born," that he is frequently at a loss to determine the relative value of facts and speculations; and that if, as in the present case, he happens to be diligent and conscientious, he is sure to overdo his task from the fear of omitting anything of importance.

The striking peculiarity of this edition is the style. It abounds in forms of expression as remote from the literature of this country as the dialects of Somersetshire or the West

Riding; is highly ornate in places where an English writer would consider himself bound to be plain and exact; and engrafts upon critical discussions, otherwise conducted with discretion and good sense, such strange tropes and familiar idioms, as to throw an air of travestie over passages meant to be more than ordinarily grave. Thus, we are told that "the whole platform, and all that relates to the formal construction of the drama in England, was fixed before Shakspeare put his hand to it," an idiom of frequent occurrence throughout the work. In the "platform" of the drama, which the writer seems to confound with the scaffolding, the reader will recognise a figure drawn from the political daily life of the States. The same idiom, of putting one's hand to an undertaking, appears also in other shapes, as, for example, when Mr. Hudson speaks of "the general state of the drama a few years before Shakspeare took hold of it." It would be considered in England rather an eccentric observation to say that a man propagated his *workmanship*; but in America he may be represented propagating it for centuries after his death. "Henslowe's Diary," says Mr. Hudson, "shows the names of thirty other dramatists, most of whom have propagated some part of their workmanship down to our time." By a similar license, our author talks of spinning an essence. He is speaking of Marlowe, who, he says, has "not a particle of real humour in him; none of that subtle and perfusive essence out of which the true comic is spun." Quoting a panegyric on Marlowe, he adds, "This, it seems to us, is going it rather too strong;" and elsewhere we have this singular apothegm, that "men cannot get along because there is nothing to hinder them." Being desirous of stating his conviction that much of Shakspeare's greatness consisted in his "giving himself freely to the high task," of "mirroring forth for all time the beatings of old England's mighty heart," Mr. Hudson proceeds to explain the process by which Shakspeare was enabled to reflect the pulsations of the country:—

"He therefore did not go, nor needed he, to books, to learn what others had done; on the contrary, he sucked in without stint, and to the full measure of his angelic capacity, the wisdom and the poetry that lived on the lips, and in the thoughts, feelings, sentiments, and manners of the people. What he thus sucked in, he purged from its drossy mixtures, replenished with fresh vitality, and then gave it back clothed in the grace and strength of his own clear spirit."

This is worse than the "racks, masks, and vipers" of Junius. Rarely have "the mazes of metaphorical confusion" run off into such bewildering terms. In order to obtain the means of reflecting in a mirror the pulsations of the national heart, Shakspeare is represented sucking in the thoughts of the people, purging and putting fresh vitality into them, and then giving them back newly clothed. To say nothing of the unpleasant nature of the process by which the result is supposed to be attained, the incongruity of the images must strike the most superficial reader.

Mr. Hudson's account of the manner in which Shakspeare drew his characters, as contrasted with the manner pursued by other dramatists, is equally rich in a different fashion. Here there is no confusion of tropes, the critic carefully limiting himself to a single image. The humour of the passage consists in the image itself, and the mode in which it is treated:—

"The authors, then, as already intimated, instead of beginning at the heart of a character, and working outwards, began at the surface, and worked the other way; and so were precluded from getting beyond the surface by their mode of procedure. It is as if the shell of an egg should be fully formed and finished before the contents were prepared; in which case, the contents, of course, could not get into it. It would have to remain a shell, and nothing more; as such, it might do well enough for a show; just as well, indeed, as if it were full of meat; but it would not stand the weighing; so that none but the poor innocent hens themselves would long be taken in by it."

Having shown that the other dramatists went the wrong way to work by making the shell first, so that they could not get the meat into it, even if they had any, Mr. Hudson next shows that Shakspeare made the meat first, and put on the shell afterwards:—

"With Shakspeare, all this is just precisely reversed. His egg is a real egg, brimful of meat, and not an empty shell; and this, because the formation began at the centre, and the shell was formed last."

It is superfluous to say that we consider Mr. Hudson's intention unimpeachable, and that it is only to the oddity of his mode of presenting it that exception is to be taken. There can be no doubt that Shakspeare's egg is full of meat; but a critic more strictly disciplined in his art would have expressed his meaning by a metaphor less suggestive of the ridiculous.

Notwithstanding this tendency to tawdry embellishment and too familiar exposition, there are some passages which display sound judgment and good taste. We have an example in the following observations on "the well-known nakedness of the Elizabethan stage in respect of scenic furniture and accompaniment":—

"The weakness, if such it were, was the source of vast strength. It is to this poverty of the old stage that we owe, in great part, the immense riches of the Shakspearian drama, inasmuch as it was thereby laid under a necessity of making up the defect of sensuous impression by working on the rational, moral, and imaginative forces of the audience. And, undoubtedly, the modern way of glutting the senses with a profusion of showy and varied dress and scenery has struck, and always must strike, a dead palsy on the legitimate processes of Gothic art. The decline of the drama began with its beginning, and has kept pace with its progress."

Excellent, too, although somewhat over-run with imagery, is Mr. Hudson's description of what he means by "dramatic composition":—

"A drama, regarded as a work of art, should be, in the strictest sense of the term, a *society*; that is, not merely a numerical collocation, or juxtaposition, but a living *contecture* of persons and events. For men's natures do not, neither can they, unfold themselves severally and individually; their development proceeds from, through, and by each other; so that many must grow up together, in order for every one to grow. And, besides their individual circulations, they have a public, common circulation; their characters interpenetrate, more or less, one with another, and stand all together in mutual dependence and support. Nor does this vital coherence and reciprocity hold between the several characters merely, but also between these, taken collectively, and the various conditions, objects, circumstances, influences, amidst which they have grown. So that the whole is like a large full-grown tree, which is in truth made up of a multitude of little trees, all growing from a common root, nourished by a common sap, and bound together in a common life."

Prue and I. By George William Curtis, Author of 'The Potiphar Papers.' New York: Dix, Edwards, and Co. London: Sampson Low and Co.

THE author of the book with the above quaint title may be set down as an experimentalist in composition, who wishes to evoke in the ranks of American literature something of the feeling of pathos and mystery to be found in the pages of Jean Paul Richter, with a dash of the humour peculiar to the writings of our own Charles Lamb. It is no disparagement to him to say that he is inferior to these eminent models: whilst there are occasional passages in this volume that would not be unworthy of either. The idea of the book, or rather the framework upon which the constructive portion hangs, is extremely simple, and it is so clearly intimated by the short preface, which is itself an agreeable and masterly bit of writing, that we cannot do better than extract it at once, and enable the author (if indeed the writer of the book and its preface be the same person,) to speak for himself in his own best manner:—

"A Word to the Gentle Reader.

"An old book-keeper, who wears a white cravat and black trowsers in the morning, who rarely goes to the opera, and never dines out, is clearly a person of no fashion and of no superior sources of information. His only journey is from his house to his office; his only satisfaction is in doing his duty; his only happiness is in his Prue and his children.

"What romance can such a life have? What stories can such a man tell?

"Yet I think, sometimes, when I look up from the parquet at the opera, and see Aurelia smiling in the boxes, and holding her court of love, and youth, and beauty, that the historians have not told of a fairer queen, nor the travellers seen devouter homage. And when I remember that it was in misty England that quaint old George Herbert sang of the—

'Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky,'

I am sure that I see days as lovely in our clearer air, and do not believe that Italian sunsets have a more gorgeous purple or a softer gold.

"So, as the circle of my little life revolves, I console myself with believing, what I cannot help believing, that a man need not be a vagabond to enjoy the sweetest charm of travel, but that all countries and all times repeat themselves in his experience. This is an old philosophy, I am told, and much favoured by those who have travelled; and I cannot but be glad that my faith has such a fine name and such competent witnesses. I am assured, however, upon the other hand, that such a faith is only imagination. But, if that be true, imagination is as good as many voyages—and how much cheaper!—a consideration which an old book-keeper can never afford to forget.

"I have not found, in my experience, that travellers always bring back with them the sunshine of Italy or the elegance of Greece. They tell us that there are such things, and that they have seen them; but, perhaps, they saw them, as the apples in the garden of the Hesperides were sometimes seen—over the wall. I prefer the fruit which I can buy in the market to that which a man tells me he saw in Sicily, but of which there is no flavour in his story. Others, like Moses Primrose, bring us a gross of such spectacles as we prefer not to see; so that I begin to suspect a man must have Italy and Greece in his heart and mind, if he would ever see them with his eyes.

"I know that this may be only a device of that compassionate imagination designed to comfort me, who shall never take but one other journey than my daily beat. Yet there have been wise men who taught that all scenes are but pictures upon the mind; and if I can see them as I walk the

street that leads to my office, or sit at the office window looking into the court, or take a little trip down the bay or up the river, why are not my pictures as pleasant and as profitable as those which men travel for years, at a great cost of time, and trouble, and money, to behold?

"For my part, I do not believe that any man can see softer skies than I seen in Prue's eyes; nor hear sweeter music than I hear in Prue's voice; nor find a more heaven-lighted temple than I know Prue's mind to be. And when I wish to please myself with a lovely image of peace and contentment, I do not think of the plain of Sharon, nor of the Valley of Enna, nor of Arcadia, nor of Claude's pictures; but, feeling that the fairest fortune of my life is the right to be named with her, I whisper gently, to myself, with a smile—for it seems as if my very heart smiled within me, when I think of her—'Prue and I.'"

We wish we could say that the rest of the volume fulfilled the promise of this opening passage; but it seems as though the leading notions here expressed with so much force and brevity, lose both these qualities together when developed in the subsequent pages; and both "Prue" and "I," and particularly "Prue," become very tiresome before the reader gets to page 100, or about half way through the book. We cannot help noticing also a want of verisimilitude about the characters, which is fatal to the illusion attempted to be raised. Here is an old septuagenarian book-keeper, rejoicing in the possession of a "Prue" and several children, the youngest of whom is eighteen, and we find this venerable day-dreamer not only indulging in most rapturous ecstasies about Aurelia, a paragon of beauty and virtue in fashionable life, but besides slipping in fancy between her and her lover, "sit they never so closely together," he actually tumbles over an apple-stall, old woman, baskets, apples, stand, and all, in his anxiety to get a nearer look at the face of the young beauty. Is this old-gentlemanlike conduct in any sense of the word? Then we must remark upon the absurdity of introducing Prue, without giving us, except by remote implication, the slightest insight into her nature and peculiarities. This wonderful woman is a mere idea, a dream of a shadow, an unfledged thought, who is not described in the body, nor does she reveal herself in soul; she knits and darns, and, like Mrs. Shandy, seldom or never speaks. But Prue is not the mere piece of stupid mechanical drudgery which Sterne has so gallantly described; she is supposed to possess virtues, affections; and her mind is "a heavenly-lighted temple;" certes, then, its light is all retained within. The fact is that the structure of the book is not only slight but inconvenient; and what structure there is, is not founded in reality. The writer is no septuagenarian, no book-keeper; he is an admirer of Aurelia, perhaps, but rather as a youthful than an aged lover; he has no venerable wife; no veritable friend Tit-bottom. All this the reader feels, and it is fatal to his enjoyment. Only let the writer of such a book, or any other follower of Charles Lamb, or of his style, reflect on the immense amount of truth in the writings of the latter; of the strong sympathy excited by the realities of his descriptions; of the intense interest that grows up with the conviction that the living man is revealing himself in all his actual emotions and experiences. But enough of faults and deficiencies; let us turn to those passages which we can sincerely admire. Here is a bit of humorous

writing, akin to that of the charming writer of whom we have been speaking:—

"By the time I have eaten my modest repast, it is the hour for the diners-out to appear. If the day is unusually soft and sunny, I hurry my simple meal a little, that I may not lose any of my favourite spectacle. Then I saunter out. If you met me you would see that I am also clad in black. But black is my natural colour, so that it begets no false theories concerning my intentions. Nobody, meeting me in full black, supposes that I am going to dine out. That sombre hue is professional with me. It belongs to book-keepers as to clergymen, physicians, and undertakers. We wear it because we follow solemn callings. Saving men's bodies and souls, or keeping the machinery of business well wound, are such sad professions that it is becoming to drape dolefully those who adopt them.

"I wear a white cravat, too, but nobody supposes that it is in any danger of being stained by Lafitte. It is a limp cravat with a craver tie. It has none of the dazzling dash of the white that my young friends sport, or, I should say, sported; for the white cravat is now abandoned to the sombre professions of which I spoke. My young friends suspect that the flunkies of the British nobleman wear such ties, and they have, therefore, discarded them. I am sorry to remark, also, an uneasiness, if not downright scepticism, about the white waistcoat. Will it extend to shirts? I ask myself with sorrow."

It may be observed that the dedication has been made to Mrs. Henry W. Longfellow, "in memory of the happy hours at our Castles in Spain." And to these Chateaux en Espagne the reader is also very pleasantly introduced, by several dreamy contemplative pictures, which may serve to occupy a vacant hour, and to amuse a docile and active fancy. But clear deliberate pains-taking description is still a desideratum. The writer has yet to learn the necessity of laying a good foundation for his scenes by accurate and minute conception. Much, nevertheless, of this part of the subject will be found to resemble in feeling the deep undertones of Jean Paul's more solemn mood.

In the chapter on Family Portraits occur some of the most natural sentiments to be met with throughout the book; and the writer here certainly shows most of his powers as well as of his convictions.

"The family portraits have a poetic significance; but he is a brave child of the family who dares to show them. * * * No man worthy the name rejoices in any homage which his own effort and character have not deserved. You intrinsically insult him when you make him the scapegoat of your admiration for his ancestor. But when his ancestor is his accessory, then your homage would flatter Jupiter. All that Minim Sculpin does by his own talent is the more radiantly set and ornamented by the family fame. The imagination is pleased when Lord John Russell is Premier of England and a Whig, because the great Lord William Russell, his ancestor, died in England for liberty.

"In the same way Minim's sister Sara adds to her own grace the sweet memory of the Lady Dorothy. * * * As we look at these two, we must own that *noblesse oblige* in a sense sweeter than we knew, and be glad when young Sculpin invites us to see the family portraits. Could a man be named Sidney, and not be a better man, or Milton, and be a churl?"

On the whole, we think we may predict for 'Prue and I' a select if not a very extensive circle of admirers; and if we have ventured to glance at those features which are unfavourable to a wider success, it is not without appreciation of its good sense and good taste, when the author drops a mask which does not altogether suit him, and speaks in *propria persona* as a man of generous feelings, and one who has cultivated with success a wide and varied field of literature.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

State Papers and Correspondence illustrative of the Social and Political State of Europe from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover. Edited by John M. Kemble, M.A. John W. Parker and Son.

Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Rev. W. J. Temple. Now first published from the Original Manuscripts. Bentley.

The Life of Martin Luther. By Henry Worsley, M.A. Bell and Daldy.

The Desert of Sinai. By the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

A Ramble through the United States, Canada, and the West Indies. By John Shaw, M.D., F.G.S. J. F. Hope.

Alfieri and Goldoni, their Lives and Adventures. By Edward Copping. Addy and Co.

A Course of Developed Criticism on Passages of the New Testament. By the Rev. T. Sheldon Green, M.A. Bagger and Sons.

A Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland. By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms. Part II. Hurst and Blackett.

A Complete Concordance to the Poetical Works of Milton. By Guy Lushington Prendergast. Part III. Madras: Pharoah and Co.

The Hexaglot Bible, comprising the Holy Scriptures in Six Languages in Parallel Columns. Part I. Hatchards.

The Wedding Guests; or, the Happiness of Life. A Novel. By Mary C. Hume. 2 vols. John W. Parker and Son.

Sydney Fielding. By Edward Keene. 2 vols. Bentley.

Fair Oaks; or, the Experiences of Arnold Osborne, M.D. By Max Lytle. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

Julia; or, the Neapolitan Marriage. By Margaret Tulloh. J. F. Hope.

Ernest Milman; a Tale of Manchester Life. By Powys Oswyn. J. F. Hope.

Long, Long Ago; an Autobiography. By Mary Lisle. J. and E. Mozley.

A Narrative, by Don Angel Herrero de Mora, of his Imprisonment, &c. Translated by the Rev. W. H. Rule, D.D. A. Heylin.

Joseph the Jew: a Tale founded on Facts. By the Author of 'Mary Mathieson.' Edinburgh: Oliphant and Sons.

David, King of Israel, the Divine Plan and Lessons of his Life. By the Rev. W. Garden Blaikie, A.M. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

Daisy's Necklace; and What Came of It. By T. B. Aldrich. New York: Derby and Jackson.

The Torchlight; or, Through the Wood. By Harriet A. Olcott. New York: Derby and Jackson.

Victoria; or, the World Overcome. By Caroline Chesbrough. New York: Derby and Jackson.

Three per Cent. a Month; or, the Perils of Fast Living. By Charles Burdett. New York: Derby and Jackson.

Poems and Songs. By James McDougall. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

The Ruins of Kenilworth; an Historical Poem. By William Reader. Dean and Son.

THE State Papers and Correspondence, edited by Mr. John M. Kemble, throw important historical light on the social and political state of Europe at the close of the seventeenth and in the early part of the eighteenth century. They are also valuable biographical documents, including letters of many of the celebrated personages of that period. The most remarkable portion of the collection consists of the correspondence of Leibnitz, especially with his friend and pupil, Sophie Charlotte, Queen of Prussia. These letters are full of interest, touching upon all the current events of the time, as well as upon topics of theology, philosophy, and literature. The notices of Newton and his philosophy are singularly interesting. In 1715, writing to the Princess of Wales, Leibnitz thus refers to the recently propounded theory of gravitation:—"La philosophie de M. Newton est un peu extraordinaire. Il pretend qu'un corps attire l'autre à quelque distance que ce soit, et qu'un grain de sable chez nous exerce une force attractive jusques sur le soleil, sans aucun milieu ni moyen." And then Leibnitz goes on to say, that after this no one dare deny the real presence in the Eucharist, and that, for his part, while reserving miraculous operations for divine mysteries, he never would admit their application to natural phenomena! The attempts of the Princess to effect a reconciliation between the two philosophers appear in a later part of this correspondence. Among the celebrated characters from whom letters are found in the volume, are Addison, Lord Shaftesbury, the Earl of Peterborough, Bishop Burnet, and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. The correspondence of Leibnitz is preserved in the royal archives at Hanover. Of the other papers now published some are taken from the British Museum, and a few are given from printed books not generally known or accessible. Most of the originals are in

French, and are generally translated, except where the manner is more noteworthy than the matter, as in the greater number of the letters of the Princess and Princesses of the Electoral House of Hanover. The connecting narratives and notes by Mr. Kemble are ably written, and are acceptable introductions to the correspondence. In the historical introduction prefixed to the volume, a masterly sketch is given of the political state of Europe towards the close of the eighteenth century, and in this, as well as in some of the biographical memoirs, Mr. Kemble shows capacity for taking high place as a philosophical historian, as well as a learned archæologist.

After all that has been written about Luther, no biography so complete and systematic as that now presented by Mr. Worsley has hitherto appeared. Certain periods of his life have been more fully illustrated, and of some of his labours and writings more detailed accounts are extant, but of the whole of his personal history and public career this is the most copious narrative that we possess. The works of Luther himself, and of his contemporaries, have supplied the chief materials, due use being also made of the learned labours of German and French biographers and historians. For careful perusal by the student, or for occasional reference by the historian, the work will be most valuable, but we suspect that the heaviness of the literary style will prevent the book becoming widely popular. The graphic and dramatic sketches of the Great Reformer in Merle D'Aubigné's history will continue to attract multitudes, who would be repelled by a formal narrative. However, on its own ground Mr. Worsley's book has high merit, and will take a good place in biographical and ecclesiastical literature.

Dr. Bonar's narrative of a journey from Cairo to Beersheba, through the desert of Sinai, in the early part of the present year, will be a welcome book to all who love to read of the scenes and incidents of sacred history, to the illustration of which the book in almost every page contributes. Some of the notices of oriental customs and events are trivial, but Dr. Bonar professes to give literally the impressions of a first visit to these regions, and his book is chiefly intended for devout and un-critical readers. There are some parts of the volume, however, which will interest the learned. One great object of Dr. Bonar's visit to the desert was to ascertain the real nature of the inscriptions on "the written rocks," which have given rise to so much controversy. Mr. Forster's theory, that they were the work of the Israelites in their Wanderings, is pronounced untenable, and Dr. Bonar believes that they owe their origin to the Phenicians, who wrought the copper mines among these rocks in the earliest ages of Egypt's history. The result of Dr. Bonar's researches we shall give in noticing his work at greater length.

Some limit must really be set to the crowd of publications purporting to describe America and the Americans. Every year continues to add to the books, with no novelty of matter, and no peculiar merit of style, but mere journals of ordinary tourists. Among these must be reckoned the ramble of Dr. John Shaw, notwithstanding his having appended to his name various scientific titles, and being described on the title page as the "author of 'A Tramp to the Diggings,' as well as several pieces of music for the flute!" The volume is made up of the most ordinary information about places with which all books of American travel have already made the Old World familiar, along with comments and reflections not very striking or original. A few notices of the natural history and the museums of the New World are the only points in the volume not found in every work of the class. We suppose Dr. Shaw to be a man of wealth, as he takes care to inform the reader that he had a letter of credit for 4000*l.* in his pocket, and we have therefore no compunction in hoping that the book will not find its way much beyond the circle of the author's own friends and acquaintances.

The Lives of Alfieri and Goldoni, the two dramatists of modern Italy, the representatives of the tragedy and the comedy of the Italian stage,

offer fertile and attractive themes to the biographer. Both have left in their Memoirs ample materials, of which Mr. Copping has made skilful use, adding illustrations from other sources. The story of Alfieri in its main incidents is well known; that of Goldoni is comparatively new to English readers. The two lives taken together present striking pictures of Italian politics, literature, and drama during their time, while they, are remarkable pieces of personal biography. Mr. Copping has engaged in his subject *con amore*, and has produced a most interesting volume. The concluding remarks on the actual condition of the drama, both on the Continent and in this country, contain matter worthy of the attention of dramatic authors, as well as of managers and actors.

Before the question of the revision of the present version of the sacred scriptures can be seriously entertained, much has to be done in the way of criticism on the various readings of the original text. Mr. Green's course of developed criticism treats of passages in the New Testament materially affected by these various readings. Into any examination of the details of the work we cannot here enter, but the most cursory perusal will show how much learned labour remains for scholars before the text can be ready for any formal revision, even if that should be deemed desirable. To the literature and scholarship of the criticism of the New Testament Mr. Green's volume is a valuable contribution, and presents a fair view of the actual state of research as to the correct text.

Part II. is issued of Sir Bernard Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland, a companion volume to the Peerage.

The Hexaglot Bible, of which Part I., containing most of the Book of Genesis, has appeared, consists of the Hebrew text, the Greek Septuagint, the Latin Vulgate, the English authorised version, the German of Luther, and the French version of David Martin, in parallel columns, three on each page. In typography the work is well executed, and careful accuracy is promised in the revision and reprinting.

Womanly kindness of feeling, with considerable shrewdness of observation, and occasional play of imagination, (scarcely to be anticipated in a daughter of the practical Joseph Hume,) characterize the story of the Wedding Guests, by Mary C. Hume. The fault of the book as a novel is, that the narrative is not broken enough by dialogue, and the want of this dramatic skill in the author makes the story somewhat heavy to read. But some of the characters cannot fail to engage interest, especially the loving and submissive Ida Merton, in whose joy at the close of her trial every reader will feel quick sympathy.

Slight use is made in the novel, Sydney Fielding, of the historical mask of a gentleman who served under their late Majesties George IV. and William IV. This imposing announcement on the title-page does little more than indicate the period of the story, for Sydney Fielding merely served their Majesties as an officer in the army, his career in which has no particular bearing upon his domestic history, except being the plan of the author for removing him to India during the progress of the plot. The real interest of the novel arises from the trite incident of the hero marrying a woman beautiful, but worldly and heartless, while he rejects the affection of a gentler heart that deeply loved him. The dashing Julia leaves him, and goes to live under the protection of an old *roué* Marquis. Sydney returns to India, and seeks to forget his troubles in professional activity. On his return to England, Julia, now subdued and penitent, resolves to throw herself at his feet, but she is drowned while hastening to meet him. Some satisfaction there is in the knowledge that she had seen and acknowledged her errors, and Sydney is at the close of the tale comforted by being married to a wife with whom he lived happily. The merit of a story like this depends wholly on the way in which it is told, and Mr. Keene makes the most of the incidents and the characters. The introduction of the Duke of Wol-

lington and other public personages of the time of the Regency is awkwardly managed, and useless, except for keeping up the reference to the secondary title of the novel.

Fair Oaks, or the Experience of Arnold Osborne, M.D., is the work of one who must have good opportunity of knowing some of the peculiar duties and trials of a young medical practitioner, and these form the special points of interest in a story otherwise attractive and well written.

Julia, or the Neapolitan Marriage, and other tales, by Margaret Tulloh, derive their interest from the introduction of truthful sketches of social life in Naples. The principal story, in laying open the details of a Neapolitan *ménage*, the writer hopes may deter any one of her countrywomen from the folly of uniting herself to a husband belonging to a nation where the dispositions and habits, even without putting difference of religion into the question, are utterly alien to those of our own land.

The tale of Manchester life, by Powys Oswyn, contains some plainspoken truths about cotton lords and the manufacturing population, but with little attractiveness of style, and occasional grossness of exaggeration.

In the story of Long Long Ago, autobiographical sketches of English domestic and rural life at the beginning of this century are pleasantly introduced. Among the passages which give character to the book are recollections of the alarm at the threatened French invasion, and copies of some of the old volunteer songs that then aided to keep up the patriotic enthusiasm.

The narrative of De Mora, who has lately made his escape from Spain, shows that the persecuting spirit of the Romish Church is still active where it has the power. As soon as the Constitutional Government was overthrown by O'Donnell's *coup d'état*, the Jesuits commenced their open attacks upon those who ventured to oppose their tyranny. De Mora was a marked man, on account of having published a book against them, and being seized with much violence in the public Prado of Madrid, was thrown into prison, where he was treated with great cruelty. The court by which he was judged is called the Tribunal of Faith, a milder name for the once dreaded Inquisition. Through the kind aid of some friends, encouraged by the interference of the British Government, he made his escape, and having reached England in safety, has written the narrative of his case, which is translated by Dr. Rule, long a resident missionary at Gibraltar, and well acquainted with the political and ecclesiastical condition of the Peninsula. It is gratifying to learn from this narrative that a large and increasing number of the Spanish people are firm in their desire for religious toleration and constitutional freedom. Of a speech by Don Rafael Degollado, the liberal deputy in Cortes for Barcelona, ten thousand copies were sold in one day. The Bible is now widely circulated by stealth, and the seed is being sown for the revival of liberal ideas both in Church and State. At this moment the Jesuits are in power, but the hatred to them is deep seated, and the short experience of constitutional government under Espartero has left a spirit in the nation which will throw off the yoke of civil and religious despotism at the earliest opportunity. Till that time Spain must continue a miserable and degraded country.

The story of Joseph the Jew, the scenes of which are laid in Germany towards the close of last century, is written with the kind purpose of awakening sympathy and removing prejudices as to the moral character and social position of the race. According to this author, the too prevalent character of the Jew is the result of the persecution and wrong endured during a long series of ages, and this treatment has been the chief drawback to their moral development, and their reception of the Christian faith. Whatever may be thought of this theory, the story will be read with interest, and as it is said to be founded on facts, it illustrates some of the peculiarities of the character and condition of this remarkable people in modern times.

The Life and History of David, King of Israel, compiled from the historical and devotional books of the Old Testament, and illustrated by descriptions of the scenery and of the manners of his country and time, form the subject of a volume by the Rev. W. G. Baikie, a Scottish clergyman. The account of David's personal character is neither in the strain of panegyric nor apology, as has been generally the case with those who have before expressly written on the subject, in reply to the attacks of infidel writers, such as Bayle and F. W. Newman. Mr. Baikie gives the Scriptural facts and the Christian philosophy of a life in which were exhibited some of the worst evils of human nature, and some of the greatest triumphs of divine grace. Both as a biographical study and as a contribution to biblical illustration the work has high merits.

Victoria, or The World Overcome; Three Per Cent. a Month, or Perils of Fast Living; and The Torchlight through Life, are American novels of the religious class, not presenting any special features of interest to English readers, beyond the occasional references to scenes and usages different from those that are presented in books of the kind published in this country. A Daisy's Necklace, by T. B. Aldrich, is a work of more mark, a good specimen of the light magazine literature of the States. The autobiographical burlesque of the aspiring novel writer is amusingly sustained, and in the course of the narrative some clever sketches of character and life are introduced. One of the headings, by the way, A Cloud with a Silver Lining, is purloined from a writer of our own, whose works are as popular in America as in her own country.

Mr. Reader, a native of Warwickshire, and familiar from childhood with the ruins of Kenilworth, has put into metrical form much historical, legendary, and descriptive lore about this celebrated old English castle. The poem, consisting of about seven thousand lines, is in imitation of the style of Marmion and the other metrical romances of Sir Walter Scott. Among the illustrations of the volume is a picture of the Castle in its perfect state in 1620, taken from a drawing of Henry Beighton in 1716, being a copy of the original fresco at Newnham Paddox, in Warwickshire, the seat of the Earl of Denbigh, which has since been destroyed. A reduced copy of the same picture has been given in Knight's Pictorial History of England and in his Shakspeare. We cannot speak with particular praise of Mr. Reader's poetry, but the literary style is quite secondary in his book to the really curious interesting and historical matter introduced both into the text and the notes.

New Editions.

Poisoners and Propagandists; or, a Developed Age. A Tale.

In 2 vols. S. Westerton.

Giulio Brancchi: the Story of a Tuscan. Related by Himself, and Translated from the Italian MS. By Alfred Elwes. Addley and Co.

Freire's: a Novel. 2 vols. By Octavia Oliphant. Second Edition. J. F. Hope.

Immortelles from Charles Dickens. By Ich. John Moxon.

The Chevalier d'Armentail; or, the Conspirators. By Alexander Dumas. T. Hodgson.

THE story of *Poisoners and Propagandists* is intended to illustrate facts connected with the active and subtle efforts of the Jesuits to regain their influence in England. If the incidents have not all had their counterparts in real life, there is nothing in the book incredible, from the avowed and well-known principles of this nefarious order, who scruple not to use any means to attain their ends. Prefixed to the tale are copious extracts from the "Monita Secreta," or secret instructions to the members of the order, from the copy found in the Jesuit college of Paderborn, in Westphalia, when Christian, Duke of Brunswick, took possession. Among the hints for managing the domestic affairs of their victims are these: "Members must persuade Ladies to fit up a Chapel or Oratory, in their own house, as the proper place for meditation and spiritual exercises; the Confessor must take care to celebrate Mass, and give occasional lectures, in order to keep them under. One principal point will be, to remove (little by little) such servants as

have not an understanding with our Society, and to get in others, recommended by persons depending on us; for by these means we shall have intimate knowledge of all that passes in the family; but changes must cautiously be made in the establishment, having due regard to the circumstances of the person, and the temperament of the mind on religious matters. Let those Ladies be urged to the frequent use of Sacraments, particularly that of penance, because there she frequently discloses her secret thoughts and temptations. * * * The Confessors must not neglect to find out from their penitents who their parents, relations, and friends are—their estates, reversions, and intentions—which they must aim at moulding in favour of the Society; and if there is prospect of success, let the Confessor, for the better clearing of the conscience, strictly enjoin constant confession, in order to find out from many answers, more than could be done at one time."

Giulio Brancchi, or the Story of a Tuscan, professes to be an autobiographical narrative, but Mr. Elwes rather appears to have made the Italian manuscript of which he speaks as the foundation of his book, than to have made a translation from the original. Many of the scenes, such as those descriptive of bandit life in Sardinia, and the political and social life of northern Italy, could only be sketched by one familiar with the country, and the book has, therefore, a historical value as well as interest as a tale. The character of Bolli, which occupies so prominent a place in the narrative, strange and almost incredible as are many of the circumstances related, is a real description, under another name, of one who was well known at Leghorn, as any of the English residents there within the last twenty years can testify.

An admirer of Mr. Charles Dickens has selected from his various works a wreath of choice passages, which he publishes under a title somewhat of dubious significance, taken along with the apologetic preface about the perishable nature of much that he has written. The favourite authors of the crowd rarely deserve immortality; and if Dickens had only written those things which are most widely popular, his chance of classic and enduring fame would be doubtful. But his *Il Penseroso* is greater than *L'Allegro*, and his moral musings and deep touches of genial sympathy are worth more than all his broad farce, his comedy, and even his wit. Judging thus, the compiler has given prominence to passages of moral and sentimental rather than comic strain.

Miscellaneous, Pamphlets, &c.

A Practical Plan for Furthering Education by enlarging the present System of Grants. By Jelling Symons, Esq. Groombridge and Sons.

The School-Room considered as a Place of Discipline and a Place of Instruction. By the Rev. A. D. Gordon. J. Macmillan.

Whaling and Fishing. Addley and Co.

Sacra Trina: an Allegory of Life—Past, Present, and to Come. Bogue.

Arnold: a Dramatic History. By Cradock Newton. J. F. Hope.

Sir Hieram's Daughter, and other Poems. By R. Villiers Sankey, Esq. J. F. Hope.

THE practical plan of Mr. Jelling Symons, for extending the present system of educational grants under the Committee of Privy Council, suggests the adoption of graduated scales, according to population and rateable value of property, by which the public aid might be adapted to the wants of each locality, as well as the actual efforts made. Some of the poorest districts are quite unable to meet the requirements of the Privy Council, and in such cases special grants ought to be given.

A sequel to two American volumes, 'A Boy's Voyages on board a Man-of-War, and in the Merchant Service,' gives stories of whaling and fishing, with some of the romance and adventure of which Melville's work has made us familiar. It is a subject which will have a charm for juvenile readers.

List of New Books.

About's (E.) Tolla, cheap edition, 12mo, sewed, 2s. Aubrey, by Author of 'Emilia Wyndham,' 12mo, cl., 2s. 6d. Bacon's Essays, edited by Whately, 2nd edit., 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d.

Baxter's New Paragraph Bible, in Pocket Vols.: Numbers, 2s. Mark, 1s. 4d. 1 & 2 Cor., 1s. 4d.

Bachle's (J. L.) Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, cl., 3s. 6d.

Bosna's (Rev. H.) Desert of Sinai, crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Bourne's (V.) Poems, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Brathwaite's Retrospect, Vol. XXXIV, July to Dec., 1856, cl., 6s.

Bray's Novels, Vol. IX., 16mo, b. ards, 1s. 6d.

Chorley's (C.) Fairy God, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Christmas, the Next Christmas, &c., 2s. 6d.

Cleland's (J.) Mechanism of the Gubernaculum Testis, cl., 3s. 6d.

Cobbett's (W.) Englishman's Guide to Torquay, illustrated edition, cl., 4s.

Copping's (E.) Albert and Goldoni, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

Crowe's and Cavalcaselle's Early Flemish Painters, 8vo, cl., 12s.

Daniell's Chancery Practice, 3rd edition, 4 vols. 8vo, cl., £2 2s.

Dado's Flowers and Mosses, small 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d.

East India Register, 1857, sewed, 10s.

Ellis's (G.) True Gentleman, fcap., cloth, 1s. 6d.

Elwe's (A.) Adventures of a Cat, illustrated by Weir, cl., 3s. 6d.

Gallo Branchi, crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

Entomologist's Annual, 1857, 12mo, boards, 2s. 6d.

Evergreen, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Gosse's (P. H.) Life, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Hale's (G.) Queen Letia, &c., square 16mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hardwick's (J. C.) Christ, and other Masters, Part II., cl., 7s. 6d.

Head's Shall and Will, 12mo, cloth, 3s.

Howard's (Rev. H. E. J.) Exodus and Leviticus, 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d.

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Haute's (J.) Memoir, by D. Benham, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

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Lloyd's (Rev. M.) Three Crosses of Calvary, post 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

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Maurice's (F. D.) The Gospel, crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

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Way Home, 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Who's Who in 1857, 16mo, 2s. 6d.

Wotton's (Sir H.) and Sir W. Raleigh's Poems, edited by Hanna, 5s.

ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

HUGH MILLER.

A SAD calamity has taken place in Edinburgh, in the death of the distinguished geologist and writer Hugh Miller, who was found on Wednesday morning in his library, shot dead, apparently by his own hand. In conversation with his friend and medical attendant, Professor Millar of the University, the day before, he told him that some depredators had been making attempts on his museum, (which had been the case a few weeks before,) but that he had a loaded pistol by him, which would protect both him and it. For some years Mr. Miller had been occasionally suffered from headaches, and had been recently urged to try a particular course of treatment, to consult about which was the immediate object of Professor Miller's visit on Tuesday. No unusual danger was than suggested, either from the nature of the complaint, or from the current of his thoughts or fears. The report of the event reached the Professor while he was lecturing, and so surprised and affected him, that he was obliged to dismiss the class, and the news soon spread a gloom throughout the city, where Mr. Miller was universally held in high esteem. He had recently delivered two lectures on the Noachian Deluge, at Portobello, near Edinburgh, where he resided, and the 'Witness' newspaper, of which he was editor, contained articles from his pen, down to within a few days of his death, of unusual brilliancy and vigour.

Hugh Miller was born at Cromarty, in 1805. In his early life he worked as a labourer in the Sandstone quarries in his native district, and afterwards as a stonemason in different parts of Scotland. In a work published in 1854, 'My Schools and Schoolmasters, or the story of my Education,' Mr. Miller gives a most interesting account of his early history, and of the training and self-culture by which he rose to honourable rank in literature and science. Notwithstanding the unpretending statements of this narrative, and the disavowal of any other elements of success than are within ordinary reach, every reader of that book feels that homage is due to a genius original and rare, as

well to natural talents diligently and judiciously cultivated. While professedly written for the benefit of the working-classes of his own country; there are few who may not derive pleasant and profitable lessons from this most remarkable piece of autobiography. After being engaged in manual labour for about fifteen years, Mr. Miller was for some time manager of a bank that was established in his native town. While in this position, a pamphlet that he published on the ecclesiastical controversies which then distracted Scotland, attracted the attention of the leaders of the party who now form the Free Church, and they invited him to be editor of the 'Witness' newspaper, then about to be established for the advocacy of their principles. Mr. Miller had already published a volume of 'Legendary Tales of Cromarty,' of which the late Baron Hume, nephew of the historian, himself a man of much judgment and taste, said it was "written in an English style, which he had begun to regard as one of the lost arts." The ability displayed by Mr. Miller as editor of the 'Witness,' and the influence exerted by him on ecclesiastical and educational events in Scotland, are well known. Mr. Miller did not confine his newspaper to topics of local or passing interest. In its columns he made public his geological observations and researches; and most of his works originally appeared in the form of articles in that newspaper. It was in 1840, the year at which the autobiographical memoir closes, that the name of Hugh Miller first became widely known beyond his own country.

At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Glasgow that year, Sir Roderick, then Mr. Murchison, gave an account of the striking discoveries recently made in the Old Red Sandstone of Scotland. M. Agassiz, who was present, pointed out the peculiarities and the importance of these discoveries; and it was on this occasion that he proposed to associate the name of Mr. Miller with them, by the wonderful fossil, the *Pterichthys Milleri*, specimens of which were then under the notice of the section. Dr. Buckland, following M. Agassiz, said that "he had never been so much astonished in his life by the powers of any man as he had been by the geological descriptions of Mr. Miller. He described these objects with a felicity which made him ashamed of the comparative meagreness and poverty of his own descriptions in the 'Bridge-water Treatise,' which had cost him hours and days of labour. He (Dr. Buckland) would give his left hand to possess such powers of description as this man; and if it pleased Providence to spare his useful life, he, if any one, would certainly render the science attractive and popular, and do equal service to theology and geology." At the meetings of the Association the language of panegyric and of mutual compliment is not unfrequent, and does not signify much; but these were spontaneous tributes of praise to one comparatively unknown. The publication of the volume on the 'Old Red Sandstone,' with the details of the author's discoveries and researches, more than justified all the anticipations that had been formed. It was received with highest approbation, not by men of science alone, for the interest of its facts, but by men of letters for the beauty of its style. Sir Roderick Murchison, in his Address to the Geological Society that year, "hailed the accession to their science of such a writer," and said that "his work is, to a beginner, worth a thousand didactic treatises." The 'Edinburgh Review' spoke of the book being "as admirable for the clearness of its descriptions, and the sweetness of its composition, as for the purity and gracefulness that pervade it." The impression made by such a testimony was the more marked, that the reviewer spoke of the writer as a fellow countryman, "meritorious and self-taught."

In 1847, appeared 'First Impressions of England and its People,' the result of a tour made during the previous year. Some parts of this book, especially the account of the pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon, and the Leasowes, and Olney, and other

places memorable for their literary associations, are as fine pieces of descriptive writing as the English language possesses. This magic of style characterized all his works, whether those of a more popular kind, or his scientific treatises, such as 'the Old Red Sandstone,' and 'Footprints of the Creator,' a volume suggested by the 'Vestiges of Creation,' and subversive of the fallacies of that superficial and plausible book. Not one of the authors of our day has approached Hugh Miller as a master of English composition, for the equal of which we must go back to the times of Addison, Hume, and Goldsmith. Other living writers have now a wider celebrity, but they owe it much to the peculiarities of their style or the popularity of their topics. Mr. Miller has taken subjects of science, too often rendered dry and repulsive, and has thrown over them an air of attractive romance. His writings on literature, history, and politics are known to comparatively few, from having appeared in the columns of a local newspaper. A judicious selection from his miscellaneous articles in the 'Witness' would widely extend his fame, and secure for him a place in classic English literature, as high as he held during his life as a periodical writer and as a scientific geologist.

The personal appearance of Mr. Miller, or 'Old Red' as he was familiarly named by his scientific friends, will not be forgotten by any who have seen him. A head of great massiveness, magnified by an abundant profusion of sub-Celtic hair, was set on a body of muscular compactness, but which in later years felt the undermining influence of a life of unusual physical and mental toil. Generally wrapped in a bulky plaid, and with a garb ready for any work, he had the appearance of a shepherd from the Ross-shire hills rather than an author and a man of science. In conversation or in lecturing, the man of original genius and cultivated mind at once shone out, and his abundant information and philosophical acuteness were only less remarkable than his amiable disposition, his generous spirit, and his consistent, humble piety. Literature and science have lost in him one of their brightest ornaments, and Scotland one of its greatest men.

THE GERMAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Vienna, December 10th, 1856.

SIR,—Allow me to offer a few remarks relative to the late meeting of German naturalists and physicians at this city. The address with which Dr. Hyrtl, as President, opened the meeting can in so far not be termed a good one, as it is devoid of truth and justice, and disfigured by gross flattery and ingratitude. He places the state of science in Austria before and after the revolution of 1848 in direct opposition to each other, as if the light of knowledge had been dawning ever since that political commotion, and before all had been in utter darkness. He does not mention with a single word the great and valuable services which, long prior to the revolution, the Archduke John rendered to science in general, and to topography and geology in particular; to agriculture and arboriculture, by founding the Institution now bearing his name (the 'Joanneum' at Gratz); by the foundation of the Geological Institute of the empire; by his Presidency of the agricultural societies in Styria and Upper Austria; and by inviting in 1843 the German naturalists and physicians to Gratz, and securing to them a highly flattering reception. The Archduke John was the first Curator of the Imperial Academy of Science, which of late has given a proof of black ingratitude, by refusing to fill up the vacancy existing in the list of its honorary members by his name, notwithstanding the urgent appeals of Professor Haidinger (President of the Geological Institute) and myself (formerly President of the Academy), by which we endeavoured to recall to the mind of the Academy how much it owed to the Curatorship of the Archduke John, and point out the glaring inconsistency of making

an honorary member of the actual Curator (Baron Bach), whose position places him high above all actual and honorary members, and also in his quality of honorary member would become the subaltern of one of his subalterns, the President. In vain did Professor Ettingshausen remark that the Minister of Public Instruction and Cultus was by far a more proper person than the Minister of the Interior, and that, if the honour must be conferred on ministers, Count Buol, just returned from Paris, had a still higher claim than the Minister of the Interior. The majority, headed by the present President, Baron Baugartner, and the Secretary-General (Professor Schrötter, whose cringing flattery was instantly rewarded by an order), carried the proposal of naming the actual Curator an *Honorary Member*. To this cause is to be attributed the absence of the Archduke John at the recent meeting, a meeting not graced by the presence of a single member of the Imperial family, while, at the opening of the Academy, before the revolution, all the Archdukes were present. Dr. Hyrtl perverted even the history of our Academy, by stating Van Swieten as having taken the lead on its foundation, in the time of the Empress Maria Theresa; it was not, let me remark, Van Swieten, but the astronomer, Abbé Kiessner, an Hungarian by birth, who renewed the proposal for an Academy, made without any result by Leibnitz. Those who followed him would, like the originator of the plan, have been unsuccessful in their endeavours had not Prince Metternich taken the project in hand, and carried it out, so that it is to him we are in reality indebted for the establishment of our Academy, yet his name is not even mentioned. If the assertion that science in modern times is cultivated for its own sake, and not solely for practical ends, should hold good, it may be asked why the German naturalists and physicians have already been invited for the fourth time to the Austrian dominions, and no notice has hitherto been taken of the philologists, who, as well as the association alluded to, hold annual meetings? No German State can be more interested in philology (in its widest sense) than Austria, which rules over so many nations speaking different languages, and borders so close to the East. Yet it is treated by our present ministers with much indifference. A meeting of philologists at Vienna would surely be more useful and less ridiculous than the "Academy of Tailors," established at the German Athens—Dresden. The French have hitherto misused it for a riding school, but it was reserved for the Germans to prostitute it still more. But if Dresden boasts of an Academy of Tailors, Nürnberg may, with better right, lay claim to one of cobblers, as the famous Hans Sachs of that city was a shoemaker. I am sure, however, that those institutions would not brand themselves with such black ingratitude as that of which Dr. Hyrtl has been guilty, when, in his Presidential Address, he omitted all mention of the Archduke John and Prince Metternich, two men who, before the revolution, rendered the greatest service to science.

I am, &c.,

H.

.. The foregoing somewhat rambling letter has been addressed to us by an Austrian nobleman, a member of the Vienna Academy, in the light of an attack upon Dr. Hyrtl, as President of the late meeting of German naturalists and physicians. Dr. Hyrtl, it appears, gave serious offence to a certain high party, by drawing in his presidential address (an abstract of which we give under the head of Learned Societies) a graphic picture of the state of science in Austria before and after the revolution of 1848. We confess that the colours are somewhat exaggerated, the former times being represented a little too dark, the present in too roseate a hue; but that in a great measure must be attributed to the nature of the treatment. With the whole no fault can be found; it is a fair *exposé* of what the promoters of knowledge in that empire had to contend with, and how they ultimately succeeded in driving in the wedge. On the contrary, admiring as we do the President's moral courage, we cannot sufficiently praise him for speaking out on such an occasion, and in a country where the Concordat

operates like a nightmare upon the existence of science, in the open, manly way he did. Let any one, placing himself in Dr. Hyrtl's position, ask himself whether it was not bold in the extreme to pronounce, in the presence of the dignitaries of State and the heads of the Church, and before the largest congregation of scientific men ever assembled, an utter condemnation of a political system, broken down only a few years ago before the never-ceasing march of intellect, by which science had been kept in bondage. With good taste and a few light touches he described how the spirit of association, so long discouraged and excluded, was at last able to gain a footing, and how ever since a rapid progress became possible.

Most of the charges brought against Dr. Hyrtl are easily disposed of; a few, involving some minor details, are of too local a nature to deserve any closer investigation than we at this distance from the place of action are able to bestow. That the services rendered to science by the Archduke John of Austria and Prince Metternich were not specified, we do not consider a very grave omission. There are people who have done a great deal more by their direct labours than those princes ever did by their indirect ones, yet the address passes them over in equal silence. Dr. Hyrtl abstained as much as possible from introducing names; his loyal allusions to that of the Emperor Francis Joseph could not without impropriety be avoided, but we cannot help thinking that it would have been irrelevant on this occasion to pay compliments to any other member of the Imperial family. All the other claimants were disposed of by the phrase: "Vienna enjoyed the presence of several distinguished men." * * * Time has thinned their ranks, and only a few, whose presence in this Hall forbids me to grace my address with their names, are witnesses of the progress for which we are indebted to their indefatigable labours.

Our correspondent seems to glory in the contemplation of the fact that the meeting was not graced by the presence of a single member of the Imperial Family! It was certainly strange that Francis Joseph, after having invited the naturalists to be his guests, should never have shown himself among them. We are not inclined, however, to attach any importance to that fact, as surely no insult could have been intended. Why the Archduke John did not make his appearance we have learned with surprise. He was formerly Curator of the Imperial Academy, and considered himself entitled to the place of an honorary member of that institution; the election not inclining in his favour, he felt insulted, and did not visit the meeting. It would have been wiser if our correspondent, who seems to be an ardent admirer of the Archduke, had studiously concealed this fact, instead of making it so widely known; for the nation, who during the revolution elected him "Regent of Germany," will not be pleased to be informed that he refused to do homage to its great scientific association because the Vienna Academy preferred a Minister of State to him.

We do not think that Dr. Hyrtl can be charged with perverting the history of the Academy, for his main statements are undoubtedly correct. Prince Metternich would probably never have established the Academy, if an influential body of men had not almost forced him to do it; he was then absolute in Austria, and all new plans had to pass through his hands, but we do not see in that any extraordinary merit worthy to be recorded.

We quite agree with our correspondent in disapproving of the modern misapplication of the term "Academy," of which we find numerous instances in our own country. But we cannot quite follow him in his logic, that because Dresden happens to have an "Academy of Tailors," Nürnberg ought to have one of Cobblers, as the famous Hans Sachs, the shoemaker, was a native of that place. Why not one of poets instead? Bürger, availing himself of the licence accorded to his race, informs us in doggerel rhyme that—

'Hans Sachs was a shoe-maker
And a Poet, too.'

BRITISH COLONIAL GRIEVANCE ON THE QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT.

(From the New Brunswick Courier.)

BRITISH AMERICA is beginning to assume a position in the literary as well as in the material world. It seems likely that an attempt is about to be made to put the British Copyright Act in force in these colonies, in order to prevent the reprint of the works of American authors by colonial publishers, to the prejudice of the rights of British copyright holders. The book, the republication of which involves the question at issue, is Mrs. Stowe's 'Dred.' This work, previously to being published in the United States, was sent to England, in order that its publication there might be simultaneous with its issue in America; and to make it seem more entirely an English copyright, a new preface was written for the London edition. It seems Mrs. Stowe sold her right (if she had any) to the printing and publishing her work in England, to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., publishers in London, and they claim the sole right to print and publish the work in these provinces under the Act 5 and 6 Vic. c. 45, which extends to every part of the British dominions. In ignorance, we presume, of any arrangement by Mrs. Stowe with a publisher in England, Mr. Pickup of Montreal, Mr. Macleay of Toronto, and Mr. Andrews of London, Canada West, reprinted 'Dred' from the American edition. In deciding the legality of their publication, therefore, the question seems to be, first, whether Mrs. Stowe was possessed of copyright in England; and second, whether that right extended to the provinces as well as over Great Britain: for we apprehend that if Mrs. Stowe did, by the means she took for the purpose, really obtain copyright in England, there can be no dispute about her power to transfer it to an English publisher; and if she did acquire copyright, and did transfer it as she alleges, then the only remaining consideration is, does her copyright extend to the British provinces? The question is interesting, and it involves some striking anomalies. In the first place, to say that Colonial reprints of the works of American authors shall not be permitted when they have obtained copyright at home, is to concede to Americans a market for their works in these provinces which the British author himself does not possess. We are allowed to import from the States American reprints of English authors on payment of a certain duty only, and these piratical reprints entirely close the Colonial market to all the new works of standard British authors. We have reprints of Macaulay for two shillings and sixpence a volume, duty included, which the English publishers are selling at about three dollars. We have American reprints of the principal Reviews at half the price (including duty) at which they are sold by the English booksellers. Now, we are not disposed to contend for the right to pirate the authors of our own country; but surely it is unfair to ask us to give to Americans a better position than our own countrymen hold. If Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are sustained, we shall be in the curious position of extending to foreigners rights which our own people do not possess. All North America at least will be shut against the publication of American works which have obtained copyright in England; but English works cannot obtain copyright in the United States, and the pirated American editions are admissible into the British provinces at a mere duty, consequently our own authors' copyrights are driven out of this market by foreigners, who can easily obtain possession of it for the circulation of their own productions. The injustice and inequality of this rule would be very glaring. The Provincial Treasury may benefit slightly by the importation of American reprints, but the author who creates the taxable material, the party who ought to receive the first benefit, gets nothing. It seems Messrs. Routledge and Co., the well-known publishers of reprints in London, have copied Mrs. Stowe's work, and will try the question of her copyright in England. The Canadian publishers will have to try the colonial question here respecting the right of a foreigner to copyright in England. The 'Montreal

Herald cites the case of *Jeffrey v. Boosey*, decided in appeal in the House of Lords, in 1854, when the question was raised in this wise. "Bellini's opera, *La Sonnambula*, was composed in February, 1831, at Milan. Under the copyright law of Milan the composer transferred his right to one *Recordi Boosey*; the assignee of *Recordi*'s rights came to London with it, and, in June, 1831, transferred the copyright to *Jeffreys*, the plaintiff, who was a British subject. *Jeffreys* then published it, before publication of it elsewhere; and duly entered it at Stationers' Hall. It was held that the foreign assignee had not any assignable copyright of which *Jeffreys* could become possessed. But in the course of the decision pronounced by the Lord Chancellor and Lords St. Leonards and Brougham, they also uttered certain *obiter dicta* to the effect that if Bellini himself or any other foreign composer had come to England, and there assigned his own work while resident in Britain, its copyright would be secured—one or two of them going so far as to say it would be good, even if the residence were only temporary, and for the express purpose of acquiring copyright." Notwithstanding this decision, says the *Herald*, "Routledge and Co. intend to contest the point, believing, we suppose, that *Mrs. Stowe* must have secured copyright in the United States before leaving, and so vitiated that subsequently obtained in England. The English and American editions have, however, different prefaces, and are, therefore, in so far, different works." In taking the case of *Jeffrey v. Boosey* into consideration, it must be remembered that the copyright of musical compositions has always been more extensively protected than others; and though it has not been often disputed, the question of a foreigner's right to copyright in literary productions in England has never been satisfactorily decided. It is well known, on the other hand, that there is a general leaning both on the Bench and among the public towards authors. When *M. De Lamartine* published his '*History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France*,' he issued a translation of it in London, simultaneously with the publication of the original in Paris. In order to make his copyright doubly sure, he had rewritten some pages of his work himself in the English edition. The publisher of the translation announced his intention of defending the copyright, and we are not aware that it was ever disputed. Since that, however, an international copyright law has settled the question between France and England. We sincerely hope that *Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.* may be defeated; not so much because we are anxious to be able to reprint American authors here, as because we believe that when the Americans find they have something to lose by the want of an international copyright law, they will be ready the more quickly to join in making one. At present the game is entirely one-sided. American publishers grow rich on British reprints, for which they can find a market even in the British dominions. It will be very hard if our publishers are not allowed the same chance when it offers.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

SIR W. J. HOOKER has obtained the well-merited honour of being elected a corresponding member of the Botanical Section of the Academy of Sciences of Paris in the room of the late *Dr. Wallich*. *Sir William* was elected in the very first ballot by forty-three votes out of forty-eight. The election took place on Monday, the last weekly sitting of the Academy.

Mr. J. M. Kemble has, we hear, been invited by the Committee of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition to superintend the arrangement of the antiquities.

At a convocation held on Thursday last, the sum of 200*l.*, for the Oxford University Chest, was placed at the disposal of the Professor of Geology, for mounting, arranging, and cataloguing the

museum of the late *Dr. Buckland*, now in the rooms of the Clarendon, previous to its being removed to the new museum.

Dr. John Ayrton Paris, the president of the College of Physicians, died on Wednesday, at his house in Dover-street, in his 72nd year. He was born at Cambridge, in 1785, and studied medicine in the university of his native town, and afterwards at Edinburgh. The leading incidents of his professional career having been published in the daily journals, we here only refer to the works by which his name has attained celebrity among the authors as well as the physicians of his time. Of his medical works the principal are his '*Treatise on Diet*,' which first brought him into notice, his '*Pharmacologia*,' which has passed through many editions, his '*Medical Chemistry*,' and his '*Medical Jurisprudence*,' written in conjunction with *Mr. Fonblanque*, a work of standard reference in medico-legal science. The '*Life of Sir Humphry Davy*' is a biography that has a classical reputation, and '*Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest*,' published anonymously, but universally known as the production of *Dr. Paris*, has enjoyed a popularity few books of the class have ever attained. When residing at Penzance in the early period of his medical career, he distinguished himself by his zeal in science, and founded the Geological Society of Cornwall. He was the inventor of the "tamping-bar," by which the miners are enabled to work without the risk of striking fire from the rocks by their tools, a worthy companion to the safety lamp of *Davy*. *Dr. Paris* was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1821, and President of the College of Physicians in 1854.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Dublin Society, a memoir was read of their late Vice-President, *Isaac Weld, Esq.*, who for fifty-six years was connected with the Society, and filled for a long period the offices of Honorary Secretary and Vice-President. *Mr. Weld* descended from the ancient Dorsetshire family of that name. He was born in 1774, in Dublin, where his father, who was a personal friend of *Fox*, enjoyed a lucrative government office. After completing his education he undertook a voyage to North America, which at that period was very little known. *Mr. Weld's* travels in the United States and Canada were extremely adventurous. They extended over three years, and are recorded in a work which enjoyed remarkable success, and which will always remain a standard book of American travel. The book passed through several editions—was translated into various European languages—and attracted the especial notice of the Government, by whom the author was requested to draw up a Report on the desirableness of emigration to Canada. This was done, and there is no doubt that the document, which was extensively circulated by Government, mainly promoted the colonization of Canada. For this labour *Mr. Weld* received the thanks of the ministry. On his return to Ireland, he devoted two summers to the exploration of Kerry, and particularly of the Lakes of Killarney, an account of which he published in a very elegant volume, illustrated by numerous beautiful engravings from his own drawings. This work, which went through many editions, retains pre-eminence for its truthful and vivid description. He now spent some years on the Continent, where he made the acquaintance of distinguished savans, was introduced to the French Institute, and resided with *Sir H. Davy* at Paris. On his return to Ireland, he suggested those Exhibitions of Arts and Manufactures which have long been held in the Royal Dublin Society, and which have since been followed in England. About this period he performed with his wife the first steam voyage on the British seas, in the *Thames*, between Dublin and London. This little steamer—she was only seventy-five tons, and fourteen horse-power—had arrived in the Liffey from Glasgow. All Dublin flocked to see the strange spectacle. There were no passengers; but *Mr. Weld*, foreseeing the important consequences attendant on the success

of the experimental voyage, obtained permission to accompany Captain *Dodd*, who had charge of the ship, to London. The weather was unfavourable—the sea rough—the voyage tedious, at times dangerous, for the boilers gave way, and they were obliged to put into ports to repair them—but it was at length favourably terminated on the 11th of June, after a voyage of sixteen days. All along the coast boats put off, conceiving that the ship was on fire. At Plymouth and Portsmouth, the little steamer was an object of great interest, though naval officers did not anticipate any utility from steam-boats beyond towing men-of-war in and out of harbour. But this steam voyage proved that steam vessels could be used in rough seas—though six years elapsed before they were employed between Dover and Calais. The latter portion of *Mr. Weld's* highly useful life was principally spent in Ireland. He made a statistical survey of Roscommon for the Dublin Society, which is embodied in a large work replete with highly valuable agricultural, mineralogical, and geological information. The excellent drawing and modelling schools of the Dublin Society, at which *Behnes* was educated, received his greatest attention. During his long term of office, which was entirely honorary, he constantly watched the progress of the pupils. It was principally by his exertions that the large annual Government grant to the Dublin Society was secured. "To this hour," says the memoir, "the benefits of *Mr. Weld's* knowledge, candour, and judgment are enjoyed by the Society, which is placed happily in accord with Government." The Dublin Society some years ago evinced their gratitude and esteem for their distinguished Vice-President by requesting him to sit for his portrait, which is suspended in their Board Room, and they purpose erecting a monument over his grave.

The Rev. *John Harris, D.D.*, principal of New College, St. John's Wood, died at the age of 54, on the 21st instant. *Dr. Harris* was first brought into public notice by his prize essay on "Mammon," a subject proposed for competition in 1837 by *Dr. Conquest*, who gave 100*l.* for the purpose. *Dr. Harris* was then minister of a congregational church at Epsom. He was afterwards appointed to a professorship at Cheshunt College, and on the union of the theological institutions belonging to the Independents near London, he was elected President of the New College. A prize essay on Christian Missions, a volume on the Preadamite Earth, and other works subsequently published, sustained his reputation for eloquence, learning, and ability.

One of the oldest members of the Water Colour Society, *Mr. Frederick Nash*, expired at his residence, No. 44, Montpellier-road, Brighton, on the 5th ult., after an attack of bronchitis of a few days' duration. He became an associate exhibitor of the Society as early as 1810, and in the following year was elected a full member. In the year 1814, his name no longer appears on the lists of this Society, and he probably retired at that period, again becoming a member in 1817. In that year his contributions to the Society's exhibition consisted of a view of the *Ruins of Fountains Abbey*, of part of *Twickenham Abbey* (two views), and of *Glastonbury*. In 1819, a drawing of *Southwark Bridge*, before the timber centres were removed from the arches, appeared, which, if it exists, must be an interesting record of the past; and in the following year a series of sketches in Paris were exhibited, amongst others, of the *Façade of the Louvre*, the *Catacombs*, and the *Palais de Justice*. *Mr. Frederick Nash* also composed largely for engravings to illustrated works, as many a volume of the last half century attests. He never, however, attempted figure drawing, confining himself to landscape, and mainly and principally to architecture. Latterly, we believe, he studied marine sketches at Brighton. A well-authenticated opinion of *J. M. W. Turner* is handed down by tradition, amongst water colour artists, to the effect, that *Frederick Nash* excelled all the draughtsmen of his time in the peculiar domain of architectural subjects. The following list of his contributions to the exhibi-

tion of last year embraces instances of both his styles: *Vessels coming into Port, A Wreck—Sail in View, and Pont de l'Hôtel Dieu, Notre Dame, Paris*. The latter subject was remarked as possessing a fine gradation of lights; but, generally speaking, these and other later works fail to convey an adequate impression of his earlier powers, which displayed themselves particularly in the beauty of his interiors, and in the richness of colour.

The collection of Mr. Carruthers' Irish Antiquities, which has just been dispersed under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, contained some curious articles worthy of note. Lot 114, thus described in the Catalogue,—"A unique Irish Bronze Instrument, found in a bog near Ballymoney, County of Antrim, 1829, originally in the possession of the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, two feet long. At one end is a double hook, and at the other a ring on a swivel. The lower part is perforated, at unequal distances, with seven holes, through each of which passes a wire, terminating at the top by a bird, and at the bottom by a loose ring. The stem is hollow, and divided into three parts. When found, it contained a portion of an oaken rod, inlaid with thin laminae of brass. The piece that was saved at the discovery accompanies it; and an exact lithograph is given of the size of this curious object. It has been inspected by archaeologists of great research, and facsimiles have been submitted to the learned curators of foreign museums, but its use has not been ascertained, and no reasonable conjecture has been given as to its origin and appropriation." Bought for the British Museum at 27*l*. Lot 115, A bronze Spear-head of remarkable dimensions, being two feet eight inches long, 11*l*.; lot 116, Another Spear-head, of fine work, and perfectly preserved, 11*l*. 11*s*.; lot 124, A magnificent silver Fibula, found at Ballymoney, County Antrim, 20*l*. 10*s*.; lot 127, A highly decorated silver Armlet of the Saxon period, 7*l*. 7*s*.; lots 131 and 2, Two bronze Trumpets, found in a bog at Drumabest, County of Antrim, two very fine examples, covered with patina, 43*l*.; lot 162, A magnificent Roman Glass Vase with original cover, 10*l*. 10*s*. The collection also contained many other items of interest, which, generally speaking, produced high prices.

The following, from Professor Owen, has reference to our notice last week of the proceedings of a meeting of the Zoological Society.

SIR.—In your report of a paper read by Mr. Tegetmeyer, at the meeting of the Zoological Society, Nov. 25th, on peculiarities of the skull in the crested variety of domestic fowl, allusion is made to a description of a specimen in the Catalogue of the Museum of the College of Surgeons. What I have stated in reference to that specimen, No. 1414, after its description, is as follows:—"Whether this peculiarity of the skull should properly constitute a variety is uncertain, being apparently the result of disease alone."—*Osteological Catalogue*, 4to, 1853, vol. i. p. 272.

Mr. T. will find that the question, which his great experience in fowl-rearing has settled, was left open as far as my remarks, on a single specimen, are concerned.

The spherical bony cyst above the orbits must now be regarded, like the supernumerary toe in the Dorking variety, as a propagable abnormality characterizing a race due to the arts of domestication. I am, &c.

London, Dec. 20th, 1856.

RICHARD OWEN.

Letters received in this country announce the arrival of the Rev. William Ellis at Tananarive, the capital of Madagascar, whither he had been invited by the Queen of that island, and where he appears to have met with a much more favourable reception than could have been expected, considering the persecution so long carried on against the native Christians. We hope that Mr. Ellis will be enabled to publish the details of a journey through a country so interesting and so little known, which appears to have led him through most romantic scenery, and the adventurous character of which may be inferred from the following anecdote. He observed that his palanquin bearers stopped every now and then, and shouted at the top of their voices, which, upon inquiry, proved to be for the purpose of frightening away the crocodiles!

It is proposed to erect a monument to Izaak Walton in Winchester Cathedral, where he is interred.

M. de Salvandy, whose decease we announced briefly in our last, was born on July 11, 1795, at Condom, in the department of the Gers, and received his education at the Lycée Napoleon, which he quitted secretly to take part in the disastrous campaigns of 1813 and 1814. His bravery procured him the rank of adjutant and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and after the abdication of Napoleon, he obtained a commission in the household troops. After Waterloo he exchanged the sword for the pen, and in 1816 produced an immense sensation by his pamphlet entitled '*La Coalition et la France*,' in which he eloquently expressed the national indignation at the occupation of the country by the allies. The work was seized, and the four occupying powers united to require the punishment of the author, but the Duke de Richelieu refused the demand, and rewarded Salvandy with an office as soon as he could do so with safety. This office (that of *Maitre des Requêtes*) he lost in 1820 by another pamphlet, entitled '*Sur les dangers de la situation présente*,' in which the policy of the government was assailed unsparingly. From 1820 to 1830 Salvandy lived in retirement, occupying his leisure with a variety of writings, political and fictitious. In 1830 he became a deputy, and in 1836 Minister of Public Instruction, an office which he did not on that occasion long retain, but which he resumed in the last administration of M. Guizot. The revolution of 1848 terminated his political career, and his name has been rarely pronounced in public since that event. As a writer, M. de Salvandy belonged to the school of Chateaubriand. His reputation as a publicist was deservedly great, but of necessity ephemeral; his renown as a novelist ephemeral without being great; and to all appearance his fame will rest upon his *History of Poland*, which continues to rank as a standard work. The novel of '*Natalie*,' frequently attributed to him, is by a lady, the Marchioness de Taulignan.

The French Emperor has caused to be published in the *Moniteur* a detailed account of the charitable donations he has made in the course of the present year; they amount to the stupendous sum of 252,000*l*. English 8000*l*. for encouragement to the Fine Arts, 3200*l*. for grants to the charitable societies of authors, dramatic authors, artists, and musicians.

M. Guizot's *Etude* on Sir Robert Peel, which was published originally in parts in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has just been brought out in a large volume at Paris, and is obtaining great success. A translation of it has already appeared in English. The Duke de Noailles has produced another large volume of his '*History of Madame de Maintenon*,' the wife of Louis XIV., and the publication of the memoirs of the late Duke de Ragusa is continuing.

The Geographical Society of Paris held its second annual meeting in that city a few days ago. M. Greigniaut of the Institute was in the chair. An account was given of the labours of the Society, and of the progress of geographical science during the present year. An eulogium on M. Prevost, the geologist, was then read, and the reading of a curious paper on the present state of the kingdom of Siam concluded the proceedings.

From experiments that have recently been made at Stockholm, by Dr. Leo, of the Berlin Library, it appears certain that photography will henceforth be of great service to the palaeographer for the detection of palimpsests. Erasures and alterations imperceptible on the original MSS. are plainly to be discerned on the copies taken by the photographic process.

Two French chemists, MM. Wohler and Deville, have succeeded in obtaining crystals from the chemical substance boron, said to rival the diamond both in brilliancy and hardness, and to be only distinguishable from it by a slight tinge of colour, which is believed to be accidental.

The celebrated original MS. of the Codex Argenteus, of Ulfila, which is at Upsala, has just been copied by a photographic process, by the direction of Dr. Leo, of Berlin, particular care being taken in the accuracy and clearness of those pages which have

been doubtful, and where the original has become damaged or rendered less clear by time. The pages are copied on sixty glass plates, the object of Dr. Leo being, by the means of photography, to detect any erasures, and to discover the meaning in those places which, through the ravages of time, had become almost effaced. It is asserted that in this respect Herr Leo has been eminently successful. Hundreds of copies can be multiplied from the glass plates, and by this new application facsimiles of rare and unique MSS. can be preserved, thus guarding the contents of the originals, if not the originals themselves, more accurately and more securely from destruction than could be effected by ordinary manuscript copies.

FINE ARTS.

The Early Flemish Painters. Notices of their Lives and Works. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Murray.

[Second Notice.]

BESIDES the *Newly Married Couple*, by John Van Eyck, in the National Gallery, to which the authors assign a place second only in interest and value to the altar-piece of Ghent, the '*Ina Madonna*,' belonging to Mr. Weld Blundell, of Ince Blundell Hall, and an altar-piece at Burleigh House, occupy a prominent place among the remains of Flemish art. The latter picture is represented as a miracle of minute detail, which is visible not only in the landscape, containing a town with abundant houses, shops, and innumerable figures, but in the capitals of the columns in the foreground, where are carvings and bas-reliefs of the richest kind. England, on the whole, appears to be rich in capital works of this master.

Among the pupils of the Van Eycks may be enumerated Petrus Cristus, or Christophen, Gerard Van der Meire, Hugo Van der Goes, who retired to a convent in a fit of disappointment on being rejected by the daughter of a rich merchant of Antwerp, Justus or Jodocus of Ghent, and Roger Van der Weyden. The latter of these it was who, in 1449, the third year of the pontificate of Nicholas V., travelled to Italy, and is related to have taught there the secret of oil-painting to Angelo Parrasio, of Sienna and Galasso Galassi. No works remain which corroborate the above statement with respect to these particular artists; but of the general fact there seems to be no doubt. Van der Weyden gathered little, however, from his Italian experience, but remained for years fixed at one standard of excellence:—

"Painting in a graceful and beautiful feeling, without possessing sufficient genius or power to express himself completely, Roger Van der Weyden was an artist of some qualities, marred by many imperfections. Harmonious in composition, finished in design, possessed of a fair knowledge of anatomy, and happy in the reproduction of the real in nature, he abounded in varied and good expression, and was as free from flattery as any painter of the Netherlands. But his conceptions were rarely noble; he failed to impart idealism, when he sought for it in the heads of the Virgin and Saviour. He exaggerated the idea of length, not only in the human figure, but in its component parts—the face, the body, limbs, hands, and feet; his knowledge of anatomy extending only so far as to enable him to render the form correctly, but not guarding him in its choice. Lacking majesty and elegance in the disposal of draperies, he generally spoilt the effect of his pictures by the hard outlines of the parts, and the angularity of the folds, at times even marring a good attitude by it. Of these, however, whilst some were good, many were so disposed as to exhibit exaggerated grief or joy by

unnatural action. And in the application of linear perspective to the human form he was far behind his master."

This careful piece of criticism is accompanied by outlined representations of *The Last Judgment* and the Beane altar-piece by this artist, which completely bear out the above remarks.

Antonello da Messina was a genius of a different order. This celebrated man was the great connecting link between the schools of Flanders and Italy, and whoever may have preceded him historically in introducing oil-painting into Italy, he was the first who accomplished it to any important extent. After making the tour of Rome and Sicily, and being detained for a time at the court of King René of Anjou, Vasari states that—

"Proceeding once on business from Sicily to Naples, Antonello found a picture by John of Bruges in possession of Alphonzo, King of Naples; and having seen it, so admired its liveliness of colour and the evenness and beauty of its painting, that he put aside all other things and went to Flanders; and, having come to Bruges, became familiar with Giovanni."

From the year 1445, forward, Antonello painted in oils, and in the style of Van Eyck. He equalled his master in beauty of finish and brilliancy of colour, and improved upon the Flemish school in many of its defective points. *The Crucifixion* in the Antwerp Museum, here figured in outline, is a remarkable instance of his genius and its peculiarities. The two thieves are suspended, not on crosses, but on the bare stems and boughs of natural trees, showing an enterprising spirit of variation from traditional types; but through the composition verges on the extravagant, it does not exceed the limits of good keeping. Antonio, indeed, as the authors themselves admit, here appears far more in an Italian than a Flemish character, and can be scarcely ranked among the true members of the school. He lived in high fame, and was buried with great pomp by the artists of Messina.

Philip of Burgundy, the patron of John Van Eyck, seems to have been addicted to other tastes than the encouragement of the arts, and some of the Flemish contemporaries of the great painters lent themselves to minister to his amusements.

"Jehan le Voleur's skill consisted only in manufacturing standards, banners, and pennons. At his death, in 1417, he was succeeded in the place of governor of Hesdin by Hue de Boulogne. Colin, or Colart le Voleur, the son of Jehan, obtained employment for many years in the same capacity as his father. The castle, or chateau d'Hesdin, was a favourite resort of Philip of Burgundy, and a place of rest to which he retired to amuse himself at his leisure. It contrasted strangely with the pleasure palace of Louis the Eleventh near Tours, where the grounds were known to bristle with various deadly instruments intended to maim trespassers. Hesdin was as full of pitfalls and trap-doors as a modern theatre; but they only served to perpetrate the coarse though harmless jokes in which the fun of the middle ages consisted. They seem, indeed, to have only suited the robust and healthy constitutions of the people of those days. A few examples, taken from the records of the castle, may not be uninteresting. A stranger issuing, for instance, from a gallery into a neighbouring passage, was startled by the sudden apparition of a wooden figure spouting water. A wetting and a fright were the necessary consequences. But when the joke was carried furthest, a set of brushes were put in motion, and the patient emerged with a white or a black face, as the case might be. Another still more powerful en-

gine was one which seized a man and thrashed him soundly.

"In the centre of the great gallery was a trap, and near it the figure of a hermit who prophesied. Ladies were his most frequent victims. They no sooner felt an interest in the telling of their fortune than the ceiling opened and poured forth rain; thunder-claps followed in quick succession, preceded by appropriate lightning; and, as the air grew colder, snow fell. Taking refuge from the storm, the patient entered a dangerous shelter above a pitfall leading into a sack of feathers, from which escape at last was permitted.

"The castle of Hesdin was full of tricks of this description. Besides the pitfalls just described, there was in the great gallery a bridge which dropped saunterers into the water. In various places there were engines which spouted water when they were touched. Six figures stood in the hall spouting water, and wetting people in various ways. At the entrance of a gallery were eight water-jets rushing upwards, which wetted people passing, and three small pipes were so fixed close by as to cover them with flour. If the panic-stricken victims rushed up to a window and opened it, up came a figure wetting them, and closing the frame. If a splendid missal on a desk caught a curious eye, the person who went up to it was either covered with soot or dirt. A mirror close at hand betrayed the trick; but whilst the victim wondered at the blackness of his face, out rushed a flour-dredger that made him white.

"The most elaborate of all these tricks was one combining almost every species of deception. A figure of a man was made to start in the great gallery, frightening people by talking or crying. At the noise, the loungers in other rooms rushed in, upon which a number of figures, armed with sticks, came forth, driving every one pell-mell to the bridge, where they fell, of course, into the water.

"Such were the rude and practical pastimes of our regal forefathers of the fifteenth century."

At length we are introduced to Hans Memling, a master whose early history is lost in obscurity, and whose very name has been disputed and varied by French ingenuity into Memmelinck and Hemmelinck. A legend respecting his later days still survives:—

"It appears that, shortly after Charles the Rash perished before Nancy, the scattered remnants of his army found their way to Flanders. Amongst them was no less a man than Memling, wounded, wayworn, and hungry. It was on a winter's night, in 1477, that he was seen, in a piteous plight, crawling into Bruges, and ringing at the gate of the Hospital of St. John.

"This ancient building, of which the first foundation was laid in ages long gone by, was raised for the relief of the poor and helpless sick of Bruges, and Maldegheem, a neighbouring suburb. Venerable sisters tended female patients, while the males were in the care of monks. The entrance to this Hospital, which may still be seen, is through an arch and rotten doorway, from a street ill-paved with pebbles, and overgrown with grass.

"Here the painter came in his distress; he scarcely had strength to ring the bell; but falling senseless at the gate, he was raised and taken in by the brethren. The Belgian writers assert, with much complacency, that Hans was taken in at once, because he was a native of the city; and it was contrary to the foundation to receive a patient not of Bruges or Maldegheem; but as they also say that Hans was so completely altered and disfigured by his wound and by fatigue that he could not be recognised, he must have been harboured without question. It was not till he improved in health that the brethren discovered him. When his sickness left him, he asked for brushes, painted the picture of the Sibyl Zambeth, and revealed his name; and then, from a sense of gratitude, he painted all the pictures of the Hospital.

The masterpieces and imitations of Hans Memling are fully treated by the authors;

and an excellent sketch of one of his finest works, *The Death of St. Ursula*, proves the skill of his composition. It is far from doing justice, however, to the elaborate nature of the painting, where the polished armour reflects surrounding objects with a nicety and fidelity such as a Fleming only could possess.

To the later school of Bruges, headed by Dierick Stuerbout, and to that of Cologne, with the cognate branch of art at Louvain, several chapters are devoted. In all these points we are struck with the elaborate research with which these obscure subjects have been investigated. The authors have laboured most conscientiously at their task, but whether from the nature of their materials, or the inherent difficulties of illustration, the narrative makes few appeals to the imagination. It may be regarded as a valuable storehouse of facts, to which the connoisseur and art student may resort with the utmost benefit.

Nor should we omit to mention the illustrations, which have been outlined on wood with the greatest delicacy, and record with minuteness many of the leading works upon which the fame of the school rests—as the altarpiece of Broederlain, *The Mystic Lamb*, by Hubert and John Van Eyck; *The Triumph of the Cross*, by the latter at Madrid; *The Adoration of the Magi*, by Stephen Loethener, in Cologne Cathedral; and two characteristic heads of the brothers, whose claims as the inventors of oil-painting, with the limitations we have before stated, are still undisputed in the annals of art.

THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

THE extraordinary impulses which the study of architecture has received of late years appear to be still in active operation. The tide of fashion seems now, however, to be taking a different direction. Hitherto the Gothic has been unquestionably in the ascendant; and old professional students have been astounded to find crowds of eager enthusiasts diving into crypts and climbing into towers, threading triforium arcades, or scrubbing on their knees upon dusty floors, whilst the period is still fresh in the recollection when this class of ancient remains was crumbling into unheeded decay, its glories set down as a mixture of barbarism and superstition, or at best only as a picturesque feature in a landscape, to which the hand of time had lent some melancholy charms of its own. The ecclesiastical style of the middle ages, after having been admired, perhaps "not wisely but too well," has now passed its climax of approbation. What it really possessed of good and useful has been eliminated and made available for modern uses; and its true principles once discovered still manifest a strong vitality. They have again taken root, and are flourishing in a young and vigorous growth. On the other hand, glass and iron assert their wonderful constructive facilities, and are gradually being imported with more or less harmony and success into the established styles of architecture. Finally, a style, or rather a selection of styles, essentially mechanical in its construction and arbitrary in ornament, though singularly happy and appropriate in its arrangements, has arisen in Liverpool, Manchester, and other commercial towns of the north. Of all the above varieties examples will be found in this year's exhibition, which abounds in interesting subjects, generally speaking of a more practical and less fanciful class of composition than heretofore. The great importance of many of the drawings will be appreciated by all. Here, for instance, will be found several of the designs for the Lille Cathedral competition, including some of those by Mr. Street, to which the second premium was adjudged. Of these the ground plan, which is of particularly beautiful arrangement, and the elaborate screen, pulpit, and

font, commend themselves to the eye as an unusual instance of profound knowledge and abundant resources controlled by admirable taste. Whether the exterior would prove equally remarkable for commanding and distinguished expression we are less able to judge. Mr. Theodore G. Thrup's composition, which obtained the silver medal, is also here; and with these, the designs of Mr. Cuthbert Brodrick, Mr. C. F. Kelly, and Messrs. Lee and Jones may be compared. Each has its peculiar features to recommend it, whether of dignified outline, of ecclesiastical feeling, or of local tradition; and these respective merits may be criticised side by side. So in the case of the Liverpool Free Library and Museum competition, Mr. T. Allom's successful composition is exhibited; and we regret to learn that deficient means will prevent so handsome and perfect a design from being carried into execution. The elevations of Mr. T. G. Knightley for the same subject will also be noticed. That by Mr. George Truefitt is the most original in conception, but the style probably comes too far east to find very ready acceptance in this country. Its sepulchral weight and massiveness, though impressive to the last degree, is perhaps too solemn for its destination. Mr. George Ouseley Lane's design, and that by Mr. Samuel Hewitt, both among the sixteen selected for final decision, are also here. A third competition is that for Rotherham Grammar School. Mr. H. B. Lamb's sketch recommends itself particularly by its venerable scholastic character. We notice also Mr. J. Johnson's picturesque study for the *Grammar School* and *Master's Residence* (264). The eye of every visitor will be arrested by a design for the Manchester Exhibition *Exterior* (111) and *Interior* (112), from the florid pictorial pencil of Owen Jones. We cannot help feeling that the vastness of this huge vault, with its intricate network of sustaining rods, is unsuited to our tastes, whether national or traditional; and the exterior, with all its size, wants constructive dignity. There is too great an aggregation of mechanical *tour de force*, and too little intellectual expression. Mr. T. L. Donaldson's *Temple to Victory* (65 and 66), is one of those architectural dreams, inspired by a study and admiration of the antique in the soul of its purity, which we cannot but admire, whilst we feel its utter impracticability. Why so much labour and thought have been devoted to such a subject it seems difficult to conceive. A *Design* (88) for a public entrance to St. James's Park, by Gordon W. Lloyd, will attract attention, as offering a solution of a problem, which has recently been mooted, and is still far from being satisfactorily settled. Mr. Billings's *Warehouse* (51) is a conspicuous and inspiring study; and a similar subject (69), by Mr. John G. Bland, in a totally different style, exemplifies the beautiful precision with which large spaces may be occupied by a skillful arrangement of arches in brick. This style meets with much favour, and occurs again in a less simple form in the perspective view of the *House, No. 22, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden* (116), by Mr. Charles Gray. Reserving further notice of this interesting exhibition to a future occasion, we finally notice an admirable drawing, suggested as a *Façade to the Hall of a City Company* (58), and studied from the Scuola di San Marco, at Venice, by Wyatt Papworth. It may be compared with a photograph of the original that hangs below it.

The process of painting the interior of the new reading-room at the British Museum has at length been completed, and the scaffolding removed. There are twenty panels in the ceiling, each of which is painted in light blue, the decoration of the intervening girders being executed in gold, which has also been liberally employed in ornamenting the cornices and other accessories. The effect is considered extremely satisfactory, the colours being brilliant in themselves, and from their lightness investing the vast dome with an appearance of grace and airiness which could hardly have been expected, considering its colossal proportions.

Ludwig Richter, the well-known Dresden artist, is now publishing some beautiful illustrations to the Lord's Prayer ('The Lord's Prayer in Pictures'). They consist of nine large plates, the designs for which are conceived in a thoroughly poetical, but at the same time simple and devotional spirit. The engravings are on wood, admirably executed, and entrusted to Herr Gaber, of Dresden, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for their excellence.

An interesting archaeological discovery has just been made at the village of Triguères, near Montargis, department of the Loiret, in France. It consists of the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, 230 feet long, by 195 wide, capable of containing 10,000 spectators. The walls in some places are between three and four feet thick, in others almost double. There are two large staircases at each extremity, leading to the upper rows of seats. The complete exploration of the ruin has not yet been effected.

In demolishing some very old fortifications at Beziers, department of the Herault, in France, a few days ago, some large statues, mutilated, some shafts of columns, and inscriptions, and some Gothic paintings were discovered. The paintings, extraordinary to relate, though buried for centuries, presented such remarkable vividness of colour that they seemed quite new.

Professor Drake, the eminent sculptor of Berlin, has announced the discovery of a composition for preserving marble against the influences of the weather. Professor Drake covers his marble statue with a fluid, which is immediately absorbed without in any degree injuring the appearance of the stone. Various trials have effectually proved the value of the discovery. Professor Drake reserves to himself the secret of his composition.

The King of Prussia has just purchased, for five thousand thalers, Adolph Menzel's fine historical picture of *Frederick the Great and his retainers attending church in State*, and Monsieur de Biefve, the Belgian artist's painting of Alexander Farnese at the siege of Antwerp. For the last-named work the King has paid twelve thousand francs.

At a picture sale at Paris a few days ago, a portrait of *Angelica Kauffman*, by Reynolds, was sold for 54*l.* to Lord Holland, and an *Interior of a Guard House*, by Schalken, for 124*l.* to Baron Rothschild.

At the same sale a small landscape by Huysmann, of Malines, went for 16*l.*; an *Entry to a Public House*, by Karl Dujardin, for 16*l.*; *Two Horses*, by Gericault, for 21*l.*; a *Portrait of Fontenelle*, by Tournières, for 18*l.*; and a *Lady of the Court of Louis XV.*, by Nattier, for 19*l.*

Several Englishmen obtained prizes in the recent Photographic Exhibition at Brussels. We notice the names of White, Archer, Fenton, Geeting, Lyte, Taylor, and Sedgfield among the recipients of medals, and those of Adlich and Cox amongst the honourable mentions.

Herr Zumpt, a celebrated Prussian engraver, indeed one of the first in Germany, has just died at Berlin.

A Spanish periodical exclusively devoted to the fine arts has just been started at Paris.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE theatrical gods are not at all propitious to Alexander Dumas just now. A few weeks back we had to record the failure of a long melodrama in five acts, which he brought out at the Theatre du Cirque, at Paris; and now we have to mention another failure, which is a little humiliating, from the piece having been of higher pretension, a comedy in three acts, and from the theatre at which it was produced being of a much superior character—the Gymnase. The play is called *Le Verron de la Reine*, and it turns on one of those scandalous incidents which were of frequent occurrence in the licentious court of Louis XV. The public, though by no means rigid, as all the world knows, regarded some of the scenes as rather too

strong for representation on the stage; it was shocked at the language which was put into the mouths of several of the characters, and it considered the incidents improbable, and the piece altogether very dull. And so it condemned the play *sans ceremonie*. The comedy was originally in five acts, and is said to have been written by Dumas in the short space of three days for the purpose of winning a wager. The failure will show him that facility is sometimes fatal.

The play of the younger Dumas, called (for the present) the *Money Question*, which has been long talked of, is shortly to be brought out at the Gymnase at Paris. Great things are expected of it. It will, however, necessarily have a certain family resemblance to Bulwer's *Money*, and all other pieces written against the modern adoration of the golden calf.

Donizetti's *Maria de Rohan* has been reproduced at the Italian Theatre at Paris, with a new tenor, Solieri, as Ricardo. This tenor possesses a voice of much purity, but his selection of that opera to *debuter* in was considered unfortunate. At the same theatre La Piccolomini is gaining in favour; but she does not excite the intense admiration she did at London.

The Committee of the great Mozart festival, held in autumn in Salzburg, have published their accounts, by which it appears that instead of having a considerable surplus to hand over to the funds of the Salzburg Mozarteum, the expenses have exceeded the receipts by nearly one thousand florins. The outlay amounted to eight thousand seven hundred and forty florins, and the money taken during the festival to seven thousand seven hundred and forty-three florins, and some kreuzers; this includes one hundred and fifty florins for tickets sold to view the sitting-room of Mozart, and the bed-chamber in which he was born. The committee has pledged itself to make good the deficit.

Michelot, a retired actor of the Théâtre Français, has just died at Paris, aged 71. He was one of the most intelligent and popular members of the establishment in the time of Talma.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Dec. 18th.—The Lord Wrottesley, President, in the chair. A paper was read 'On the Scelidotherium *leptocephalum*, Owen, a large extinct terrestrial sloth, by Professor Owen, F.R.S. The extinct species of large terrestrial sloth indicated by the above name, was first made known by portions of its fossil skeleton having been discovered by Charles Darwin, Esq., F.R.S., at Punta Alta, Northern Patagonia. These portions were described by the author in the appendix to the 'Natural History of the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle.' The subsequent acquisition by the British Museum of the collection of fossil mammalia brought from Buenos Ayres by M. Bravard, has given further evidence of the generic distinction of the *Scelidotherium*, and has supplied important characters of the osseous system, and especially of the skull, which the fragments from the hard consolidated gravel of Punta Alta did not afford. The best portion of the cranium from that locality wanted the facial part anterior to the orbit, and the greater part of the upper walls; sufficient, however, remained to indicate the peculiar character of its slender proportions, and hence Professor Owen has been led to select the name *leptocephalum* for the species, which is undoubtedly new. The aptness of the epithet 'slender headed,' is proved by the author's researches to be greater than could have been surmised from the original fossil, for the entire skull, now in the British Museum, exhibits a remarkable prolongation of the upper and lower jaws, and a slenderness of the parts produced anterior to the dental series, unique in the leaf-eating section of the order *Bruta*, and offering a very interesting approximation to the peculiar proportions of the skull in the ant-eaters. The original fossils from Patagonia indicated that they belonged to an individual of immature age; the difference of size between them and the corresponding parts in

the British Museum depends on the latter having belonged to full-grown individuals; the slight difference in the shape of the anterior molars seems in like manner to be due to such an amount of change as might take place in the progress of growth of a tooth, with a constantly renewable pulp. Professor Owen finds at least no good grounds for inferring a specific distinction between the fossils of the old animal from Buenos Ayres, and the younger specimen from Patagonia. The author then proceeds to give a detailed anatomical account of the fossil bones in the British Museum, instituting a comparison between them and the bones of other large extinct animals, especially those of the edentate order. The *Scelidotheres* was a quadruped of from eight to ten feet in length, but not more than four feet high, and nearly as broad at the haunches, the thigh-bones being extraordinarily broad in proportion to their length. The trunk gradually tapered forward to the long and slender head. The fore-limbs had complete clavicles, and the rotatory movements of the fore-arm. All the limbs were provided with long and strong claws. The animal had a long and muscular tongue, and it is probable that its food might have been of a more mixed nature than that of the megatherium. But it was more essentially related to the sloths than to the ant-eaters. In conclusion, the author remarks, that as our knowledge of the great megatheroid animals increases, the definition of their distinctive characters demands more extended comparison of particulars. Hence, in each successive attempt at a restoration of these truly remarkable extinct South American quadrupeds, there results a description of details which might seem prolix and uncalled for, but which are necessary for the proper development of the task of re-producing a specimen of an extinct species. Professor Owen adds that he is indebted to an allotment from the annual Government grant placed at the disposal of the Royal Society for scientific purposes, for the means of laying before the Society large and admirably executed drawings of the fossil bones described in his paper.

ANTIQUARIES.—Dec. 18th.—J. Hunter, Esq., V.-P., in the chair. Mr. Richard Meeson, of Grays, Essex, Mr. John James, of Bradford, Yorkshire, and the Rev. William Calvert, Rector of St. Antholin's, and Minor Canon of St. Paul's, were elected Fellows. Frederic Ouvry, Esq., Treasurer, exhibited and read descriptions, by W. S. Walford, Esq., of two Instruments for the addition of four Priests to the College of Wimborne Minster, dated in the year 1355. One of these bore the seals of Robert Wyvill, Bishop of Salisbury, the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury, Richard Bury, Rector of Shapwick, those of the Canons, and that of the Sacristan. The other bore the seal of Hugh Pellegrini, treasurer of the Church of Lichfield, and nuncio of the Pope and Apostolic see in England. Sir Henry Ellis communicated a transcript from the diary of Sir William Swan, the minister at Hamburg, containing an account of his journey to Dresden in the year 1678, and of the celebration of a *fête* at that court, in honour of the Order of the Garter, on St. George's Day. It appears to have been the custom of foreign princes who had been invested with the insignia of the Garter, to celebrate the day by a *fête*. On the occasion of Sir William's visit, this ceremony was observed with great pomp, and is minutely recorded by the diarist. The Society adjourned over the holidays to Thursday, January 8th.

GEOLOGICAL.—December 3rd.—Col. Portlock, R.E., President, in the chair.—Dr. J. G. Croker, Dr. H. Bevan, the Rev. J. B. P. Dennis, the Rev. E. Duke, and Captain P. D. Margesson, R.A., were elected Fellows. The following communications were read:—1. 'On the Volcanic Eruption of Mauna Loa in 1855-56.' By F. A. Weld, Esq. Communicated by Sir C. Lyell. In a letter dated July 12, 1856, he communicated the information he had obtained respecting the late eruption in Hawaii, and gave a detailed account

of his ascent of Kilauea and Mauna Loa, with observations on the craters and on the condition of the lava-stream which had lately been ejected from a lateral opening on the latter mountain. Mr. Weld remarked also that a slight shock of earthquake had been felt on the Island of Maui, which is also of volcanic formation.—2. 'On Volcanic Eruptions in Hawaii during the last Sixteen Years.' By the Rev. T. Coan. From the Foreign Office. In this letter, addressed to and transmitted by Mr. Consul-General Miller, the Rev. Mr. Coan, who has been the resident Protestant missionary at Hilo for twenty-one years, and still resides there, described some remarkable volcanic eruptions on the Island of Hawaii (Owhyhee), of which he has been an eyewitness during the last sixteen years—viz., the great eruption of Kilauea in 1840, of Mauna Loa in 1843 and in 1852, of Kilauea in May and June 1855, and, lastly, of Mauna Loa in August, 1855. Mr. Coan added an account of his visit to the summit crater of Mauna Loa in October, 1855; and referred to his several subsequent visits to the lava-stream which has threatened Hilo.—3. 'On the late Volcanic Eruption of Mauna Loa.' By Mr. Consul-General Miller. From the Foreign Office. In this letter, dated July 30, 1856, Mr. Miller referred to the eruption as being still in a state of activity, and enclosed a number of the 'Pacific Commercial Advertiser,' in which Mr. Coan's visit to the crater in October, 1855, was reported in full; and in which it was stated that nearly an entire year has passed since the eruption commenced in August, 1855, and the flow, though diminished, is still intense. Late advices state that the fresh or molten lava is not met with until about three miles above the lowest point it reached in November last, or about eight miles from Hilo. The lava now appears to be spreading more laterally, bursting out through the old crust, and flowing off to the right and left. At present there is no danger, nor will there be any unless the discharge should be materially increased.—4. 'On the Occurrence of an Earthquake at Rhodes.' By Mr. Consul Campbell. From the Foreign Office. This communication referred to the severe shock of earthquake which was felt at the Island of Rhodes, on the 12th October, at about three o'clock, A.M. It lasted for nearly two minutes, and was accompanied with great destruction of life and property. Its first motion was vertical, the second horizontal, and the third vertical. The shock was felt also in the adjacent islands of Halki, Scarpantos, Cassos, and Symi; also at Marmariza, on the coast opposite.—5. 'Additional Observations on the Geology of Bulgaria.' By Captain Spratt. Having again visited the Bulgarian coast, Captain Spratt has been enabled to confirm the observations on the freshwater deposits of the Dobrudja, which were read before the Society in June last.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL.—Dec. 10th.—Dr. John Lee, Vice-President, in the chair. Sir Benjamin Hall presented to the Association a copy of Mr. Mackenzie's work on the Architectural Antiquities of St. Stephen, Westminster, executed and only recently completed at the expense of the Government, but commenced as early as 1843. Mr. Clarke exhibited a Roman urn, lately found at Kettleborough; also a Calais grout and a Woodbridge token of 1667, found at Easton; a penny of Edward I., of London mint, dug up at Framlingham, and a fine silver medal of Charles I. and his queen, executed by Simon de Pansse, in his collection. Captain Tupper exhibited the remains of a Roman poculum, found at Widcombe cemetery, near Bath. Mr. Charles Ainslie produced some curious examples of ancient glass, brought to light in London, said to have been found in Tower-street; two were *unguentarii*, another a portion of a wine jug, and a small bottle, which exhibited traces of painting, and belongs, therefore, to the mediæval rather than the Roman period. Mr. Corner exhibited two fine medallions in lead, of Italian workmanship of the sixteenth century; one, a profile to the left of L. IVNVS BRVTVS, with draped bust;

the other LVC. AN. SENECA, with the name VANI beneath the shoulder. They were obtained from Rome. Mr. George Wright exhibited a Romano-Egyptian lamp and some coins, reported to have been found in an excavation in front of the White Tower, at the Tower of London, in October last. Mr. Ainslie also exhibited a variety of gold and silver coins, said to have been found in London within these few months. The earliest is a gold British coin, identical with that engraved in Ruding, pl. 1, fig. 7. There were also Saxon pennies of Edred and Edward, of which a list was directed to be made. Mr. Wills exhibited an iron coffer of the sixteenth century, which had once been highly decorated with devices in gold upon a deep red field. The keyhole was in the centre of the lid, and led to the interior fastening. The lock had six bolts; the two next the hinges are fixtures, the others moved at the same instant by the key. Within the coffer was an oblong square case of iron, evidently for the protection of some deed or important instrument. Mr. S. C. Tress Beale exhibited three rubbings of brasses in Goudhurst Church, Kent, presenting the effigies of John de Bedgebury, 1424; Walter Culpeper, and Agnes Roper his wife, 1462 and 1457; and Sir John Culpeper, son of Walter. He also exhibited other rubbings from Bodiam Church, Sussex, of the Bodiam family. Upon these Mr. Planché made some remarks, and promised further information on the subject. Mr. Syer Cuming read a paper 'On the discovery of Celtic Crania in the vicinity of London,' in which he referred to a variety of specimens contained in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Mr. Bateman's Museum, and in other collections, of much interest. The Rev. Mr. Kell forwarded a paper 'On the Ancient Site of Southampton,' occasioned by the discovery of bone pits in St. Mary's-road, which served to strengthen the opinion expressed by Mr. Keele, in the third volume of the 'Collectanea Antiqua.' Mr. Kell made also some remarks on the nature of the stones at Clausentum, of which an account has been given in the Winchester Congress volume of the Association, and submitted some evidence to prove that they had been obtained from quarries in the Isle of Wight. The Society was then adjourned over to the 14th of January next, when Mr. Planché will read a paper 'On the Sculptured Effigies on Wells Cathedral, lately visited by the Association.'

IRISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND CELTIC.—Dec. 4th.—Rev. Dr. Todd, P.R.I.A., in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting having been read, the sheets of Adamnan's 'Life of St. Columba or Columkille,' edited by Dr. Reeves, together with the plates and maps for illustration of the work, were laid on the table. Dr. Todd stated that he had read all the proof-sheets, and that the book would be one of very uncommon interest and value, throwing light on the topography and history of Scotland as well as Ireland, and settling many questions hitherto deemed doubtful or unknown. The text is taken from two manuscripts preserved on the Continent, one at Schaffhausen and the other at St. Gall, and is accompanied by copious notes, full of the extensive erudition which distinguishes the accomplished editor. Facsimiles from these manuscripts have been procured, and have been engraved in coloured lithographs, beautifully executed. Two maps, one of Ireland in the Columban age, the other of modern Hy or Iona, will also accompany the work. These maps have been presented to the Society by Dr. Reeves. As the book will contain upwards of 600 pages, with plates and maps, the expense of printing was considerable, and it was resolved that it was impossible to give it to the members as the equivalent for a single year's subscription. It was therefore proposed to divide it into two volumes, the first to contain the historical introduction and the text of Adamnan, the second to consist of the appendix, additional notes, indexes, &c.; and to give the first volume to the members for 1855, and the second for 1856. After some discussion this proposal was negatived, and it was resolved that the book should

be bound in a single volume, and given to all Members and Associates who have paid their subscriptions for the two years, 1855 and 1856.

CHRONOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Dec. 22nd.—Dr. John Lee, F.R.S., in the chair.—Mr. J. W. Bosanquet read a paper 'On the Fourteen Generations, from the carrying away into Babylon to Christ,' in which he maintained the opinion that these generations implied on oriental computation forty years each, consequently a total of 560 years, agreeing almost exactly with the same period resulting from a correct exposition of profane historians. Dr. Wm. Bell also read a paper on the various eras used in chronology.

GERMAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The President's Address.—"When, at Göttingen, the Society of German Naturalists and Physicians selected the metropolis of Austria as the next place of meeting, the honour of the presidency was conferred upon me and Professor Schrötter. Joyfully responding to the confidence placed in us, we made last year every suitable preparation for the reception of our cherished guests, and the advancement of their scientific object. Nearer and nearer came the days of our festive meeting,—but alas, along with them also the fearful intelligence of the reappearance of that baneful disease, the cholera, which imperatively demanded a postponement of the meeting. The time of danger is now past, and I at once fulfil one of the duties of my office by bidding you a hearty welcome on the banks of the Danube,—in the old imperial city of Germany. This is the second time Vienna is honoured with your presence. Twenty-four years have elapsed since you were here assembled—a brief space of time in comparison to the eternal progress of science, but a great and important one in the history of science in Austria. Allow me, as an introduction to our mutual labours, to draw a brief sketch of our scientific life, to compare the past with the present, and to describe in sober language its present condition. Twenty-four years! The retrospect of the time of the first meeting in this my native town recalls many a happy recollection. Although there were at that period but few great centres of scientific life, still Vienna enjoyed the presence of several distinguished men; they were isolated, time has thinned their rank, and only a few, whose presence in this hall does not allow me to grace my address with their names, are witnesses of the progress for which we are indebted to their indefatigable labours. Except the Museum of the Imperial Court, the schools were almost the only asylums for studies in organic Natural History, and the oppressive laws under which they were placed were not always calculated to invigorate and animate them, or to conduce towards their free development. It was one of the maxims of that time to grant to science no more than was necessary to educate practical men, such as the State could make useful. The acknowledgment of science as a politically necessary form of life was a doctrine not yet received in all circles of society. Whatever had a directly practical tendency, whatever could be turned to useful purposes in manufactories, in those saloons of human misery, the hospitals, was ardently cultivated and received liberal support. Medical science took the various branches of organic Natural History in its train, regarding them more as handmaids than as sisters of equal rank with herself. They were measured by their direct usefulness to the healing art, and classed accordingly. Zoology, which had only to tell a misunderstood history of the Entozoa to sleeping benches, was placed at the very bottom of the list, whilst Botany and Chemistry, from whose storerooms great treasures were expected, obtained a higher degree of favour. A narrow-minded fear of a dangerous abuse of science operated most oppressively upon an honest struggle after truth. Mechanical locomotion replaced a truly scientific

life,—and nothing more was wished. Learned societies, which now develop such a powerful activity, existed only in the restricted boundaries of private intercourse. The interdiction on scientific bodies became at first invalid through the establishment of a Polytechnic Society, soon followed by charters granted to various other associations, amongst whom must be named the Imperial Society of Physicians. The boundaries of the country were now opened to a free intellectual intercourse; young talents brought home experience collected in foreign universities; scientific voyages and journeys were encouraged; museums, colleges, and other institutions received liberal support. Thus, it became possible that the Nestor of German naturalists could pronounce, five years after your first meeting at Vienna, within the walls of the old royal city of Bohemia, the following momentous words: "Progressive development may sometimes experience a check, becoming, as it were, sleepy through the laziness of its associates. It requires then a fresh impulse, and that often appears quite unexpectedly, prepared quietly by a few, unconscious of the great effects which are to emanate from their solitary chambers." He has spoken prophetically. Indeed, the time had come when the decaying trunk sent forth a young shoot destined to give new life to the whole. A retrograde movement was impossible. The stream could no longer be stemmed, and with every new success which science achieved at home, grew the proud consciousness of its power, which louder and louder called for a centre for all scientific activity, one worthy of the State, such as Leibnitz first conceived it, and Van Swieten so warmly and pressingly recommended to the great Empress of imperishable memory. And thus it happened. Soon after the meeting of German naturalists in the Styrian capital a circle of scientific men formed at Vienna the plan for a Society of Natural History. This plan was still the subject of discussion when the Emperor Ferdinand, whom grateful Austria terms the benevolent, called the Imperial Academy of Science into life. In language the most noble proclaimed the Imperial manifesto the sanction of this new Institution. The Academy should belong to the imperial household, be free from every other subordination, and have an imperial price for its only protector. A new political principle is embodied in that memorable charter, a principle which, severing the last fetters imposed on spiritual life, left no other obstacle in the way of science except those resulting from man's own inadequate powers. A wide field was now opened for our activity; the labours of the Academy commenced, cheered by the happy days of a long peace. Then arose on the western horizon that dark cloud which, overshadowing all Germany, bore along with it the fearful gale which swept in fury over the Austrian dominions. Those times would here not have been remembered, did not the great fact, that the State not only conquered difficulties such as scarcely any other would have survived, but was actually able to carry out the bold conception of constructing anew all its internal arrangements, invite to this reflection. Roused by martial sounds, the imperial eagle raised its head, shook its benumbed wings, and, holding with its mighty claws its tottering inheritance, it brought in triumph the laurels of victory and the olive-branch of peace to the foot of that throne on which it had pleased Providence to place a youthful monarch, to whom it was reserved to restore harmony and order, and by giving unity to the State develop its internal power. The new life of the State, the new epoch thus commenced, proclaimed its advent by numerous acts—placing all affairs relating to learning under one independent head; the timely reforms in educational matters, from the village school to the university; the freedom of teaching; the abolition of compulsory study; the establishing of institutions for the cultivation of scientific specialities, principally medicine and natural history; the truly imperial munificence of their dotations, and the constant readiness of Government to promote their progress and prosperity, are the most important ones relating to science. They form a

long series of grateful gifts, the more appreciated as they were not compulsory, but freely conferred. Simultaneously with these was founded the institution which, about the end of 1849, was charged with the execution of a geological survey of the empire, and the publication of its result,—a labour already so far advanced, that more than a sixth part of the monarchy has yielded up the richest materials for the archaeology of our globe and the history of our native country. Again, a year and a half after this, the Central Institution for Meteorology and Terrestrial Magnetism was called into life, realizing an idea which originated with the Academy of Science in the second year of its existence. Besides these public institutions, a private association—the Zoologico-Botanical Society,—having for its object the promotion of zoology and botany generally, and that of the empire in particular, has attained considerable importance. Already it counts more than seven hundred members, and has the proud satisfaction of seeing its publications becoming a mine of the most useful and important information. It would be easy to draw in more brilliant colours a picture of the state of our scientific life, and to record all those isolated labours which, considered as a whole, are to us one of our most gratifying contemplations. Not the materials, only time is wanting to accomplish that task, and I hope and trust that I have hurt the susceptibility of no one by passing in silence over the names of other institutions,—even those to which I myself belong. They are too well known in medical circles, and their inspection by our guests will procure a much fairer estimate for them than my necessarily brief sketch would. I have been anxious to do justice to the past as well as to the present, and endeavoured to show how much more willing my native country must now be to welcome you than it could be twenty-four years ago, at your first assembling at this place.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Institute of Actuaries, 7 p.m.—(On Fire Insurance. By Thomas Miller, Esq.)
Tuesday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Prof. Faraday. The Aggregating Force.)
Thursday.—Photographic, 8 p.m.
 Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Prof. Faraday. Chemical Force.)
Friday.—Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m.
 Architectural Association, 8 p.m.—(Sketch—Entrance Doorway, domestic.)
Saturday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Prof. Faraday. Electric Attractions.)

VARIETIES.

Baron Humboldt on the renewed Arctic Search.
 How could you for a moment doubt how we in Germany received the intelligence, though somewhat vague, of a memorial being presented to Lord Palmerston, endorsed by many illustrious names, announcing the hope of a new expedition, directed towards a point already determined upon? You should have seen the lively and affecting interest excited both at Court, and in the public mind, by your noble and courageous undertaking. After so many generous sacrifices made by two nations of the same race, already in possession of objects pertaining to the shipwrecked mariners, and having reduced the search to such narrow limits, how can you avoid a last perilous effort (great undertakings are ever somewhat perilous) for the solution of the enigma? Geography and physical knowledge of our globe have been advanced by what has already been gained, but there is a moral to be attained, and in this undertaking there is a sentimental interest excited by the consanguinity of those you seek to rescue, ascending to a source above all science—an interest which should be cherished in the breast of nations—a sentiment at once ennobling and consolatory.—P.S. You may smile at my German sensibility, but I have force enough to defend myself.—Letter to Lieut. Pym.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. H. R.; J. W.; E. P. W.; J. S. H.; Miles; C. B. S.; J. S.; T. H.—received.

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December 23, 1856.

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